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HUMAN SUBMISSION

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# HUMAN SUBMISSION.

PART SECOND.

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BY  
MORRISON I. SWIFT.

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### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

As yet there exists no satisfactory work on the theme of Human Submission. Yet the part this principle has played in the affairs of man is absolutely primary. It is the lost or undiscovered key to the philosophy of human history, and when its importance is recognized all history will have to be revised under its light.

Our philosophy of man and all our opinions of what is to be done will likewise change. It is not intended to be implied in these pages that non-resisters from principle are not brave men; it is shown that in practical results the doctrine ends where cowardice does. Part I, whose title is Our Servile Religion, has not yet been published. The subject of Part III is, The Confiscation of Wealth.



# HUMAN SUBMISSION.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE TRUE KEY OF THIS UNIVERSE.

There is nothing that a religious philosopher keeps at such a distance as the actual facts of life. But while these philosophers go their way ignoring the actual and indeed very ignorant of it, the people are going their way and leaving philosophers to their little artificial world of old texts, desks, and lecture rooms, and they are making up their own minds about 'god' and religion, a very different mind from what the scholastic thinkers would like them to have. Yet the main light on whatever god there may be is not thrown by the nature of Being, of which the philosophers are so competent to speak, nor by the nature of Consciousness, but by the things happening to men every day in this sphere of god's power and love. And knowing full well the commiseration I shall inspire in philosophers for thinking of these mere events and drawing deductions from them, I lay them down as the First Principles from which any theory of the universe must be drawn. If we eliminate consciousness from the universe I do not know of what consequence its existence is, and if consciousness is the greatest thing, the way this universe uses every conscious being is our test of the universe.

When these facts are presented to the philosopher he will be contented by saying, "but suffering is not the only postulate whence our moral nature starts; it is also *the discipline* through which it gains its true elevation." \* But

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\* Martineau, *A Study of Religion*, ii, 100.

how will this strike the sufferer? And men of fineness can sharply realize the sufferer's point of view. Will they follow the proclamation of another philosopher, who says: "To the question, then, how evil consists with the goodness of God? I answer flatly, it does not consist with the goodness of God. *Either there is no God, such as we figure him, or there is no evil.* Pain and suffering in abundance, but no evil. For only that is really and absolutely evil which is . . . evil in its issues, *evil for evermore.* Nothing in God's universe answers to that condition." \*

Only a philosopher, and a religious philosopher at that, could make this assertion. Who knows anything about good or evil *for evermore*? Who is familiar with 'God's universe' beyond the immoral medley of it here? Is there then no evil? Let us try to conceive how men who are neither philosophers nor proprietors of the planet would answer this question.

I have already cited one fact of Being where two refined women ended their lives through poverty; this I should call reality, and now let us continue the study of the universe and of reality on these lines. On the 11th of October, 1904, the press contained some curious information from Cleveland, Ohio:

"After murdering his two children, John, aged three, and Emma, aged four, Bohunil Schnepf, a Bohemian laborer, aged forty-one, made an unsuccessful attempt on his own life at the grave of his wife in Woodland Cemetery here. He is now in a local hospital, where the doctors say he will recover. Schnepf has vainly searched for weeks for employment, and, becoming discouraged over the prospect of not being able to provide a home for himself and his

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\* F. H. Hedge, *Ways of the Spirit*, 243-245. Quoted by Martineau, ii, 60.

two motherless babies, he yesterday decided to blot out the entire family.

"He took the two children into the basement of his boarding house, where, after tying handkerchiefs tightly over their mouths so that they could make no outcry, he fired a shot from an old revolver into each of their heads. The bullets failing to kill instantly, he seized an old hammer which was lying nearby and struck the children on the skull behind the temple. The two bodies were then placed side by side on the floor, while the frantic father went to the cemetery where the body of his wife was buried. There, with the pistol he had used on his babies, he fired a shot into his head.

"He was picked up unconscious and hurried to the hospital, where examination revealed the fact that the bullet had missed the brain and that he would recover. In the meantime the bodies of his unfortunate victims had been found, Emma being dead and John dying within half an hour. Schnepf left a letter in which he stated that he 'had nothing left to do' but kill himself; that he now 'had a job in hell as a fireman' and asked that he and the children be buried in the same grave."

This phenomenon happened in a world whose God is Love. In New York an old man starved to death: "Two shoemakers, Michael and Jacob Buthren, both more than 70 years old, have been living in a rear tenement in Gates Avenue, Brooklyn. To-day the police were notified by neighbors that something was wrong with the old men. They visited the house and found Michael dead and his brother Jacob lying half conscious and barely alive by his side. Both were victims of starvation. It is impossible to say how long they had been without food, but it must have been several days." \*

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\* Dec. 17, '03.

A tailor in Philadelphia paid his debts and took poison, writing, "The other world may be just as bad." "Max Horn, a tailor, fearing that he would become blind and so be thrown out of work committed suicide yesterday, at 920 South Street, by drinking carbolic acid. He had been troubled with weak eyes for some time, and had been unable to work at his trade. This note addressed to the man with whom he lived, was found in the suicide's room :

" 'Friend Witkin—I leave you 30 cents for two suppers, Sunday and Monday, that belongs to you. Excuse me, friends, for the trouble, but I couldn't help myself. I hope you will excuse me. I want you to sell all my clothes and buy me new ones for the grave. I wish you good-by and good luck from me. Yours truly, HORN.

" 'The world aint more for me. The other world may be just as bad. MAX HORN.' " \*

Charles Lorsch, a Brooklyn sculptor, about 30 years old, and married, in a fit of despondency committed suicide in the woods of Valley Stream, L. I., by drinking carbolic acid. A letter denying application for work was on his person.† Another smashed a window and stole in order to go to jail and get a home. "James Anderson, alias Campbell, a slender, thinly clad man, about 40 years old, who smashed a window of the store of C. De Young, at Front Street and Girard Avenue, with a coupling pin done up in cotton waste, on Sunday, and gathered up watch chains, rings and other jewelry, valued at \$50, but was overtaken before he ran very far, was accused before Magistrate Kochersperger, at the City Hall, yesterday, of also having shattered a window of the store of W. Eisele, 2905 Frankford Avenue, and stolen four watches. 'I plead guilty to

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\* Philadelphia Ledger, Jan. 14, 1903.

† Brooklyn Eagle, July 20, 1903.

both charges,' said Anderson calmly, when the police said they had found Eisele's watches in his pockets when they caught him with the plunder from the other store. 'I was cold and hungry and up against hard luck. I knew I would be fed and kept warm in prison, so I smashed both windows.' " \*

" John Kenny, 40 years old, of 328 East Thirty-second Street, who, on April 7th, robbed a woman and then shot two men who interfered, was sentenced to State prison for fifteen years by Judge Cowing yesterday. In an affidavit which Kenny filed with the Court, he stated that at the time he committed the robbery he had been two days without food, and that the revolver with which he shot the two men was intended to end his life if he did not find employment speedily." †

The clerk class is not spared: " After trudging through the snow from one end of the city to the other in the vain hope of securing employment, and with his wife and six children without food and ordered to leave their home in an upper east side tenement house because of non-payment of rent, John Corcoran, a clerk, to-day ended his life by drinking carbolic acid. Corcoran lost his position three weeks ago through illness, and during the period of idleness his scanty savings disappeared. Yesterday he obtained work with a gang of city snow shovelers, but he was too weak from illness and was forced to quit after an hour's trial with the shovel. Then the weary task of looking for employment was again resumed. Thoroughly discouraged, Corcoran returned to his home late last night to find his wife and children without food and the notice of dispossession on the door." On the following morning he drank the poison.

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\* Philadelphia Ledger, Jan. 13, '03.

† N. Y. Times, April 29, '04.



The records of many more such cases lie before me ; an encyclopedia might easily be filled with their kind. These few I cite as an interpretation of the universe. "We are aware of the presence of God in His world," says a writer in a recent English Review. "The Absolute is the richer for every discord, and for all diversity which it embraces," says F. H. Bradley (*Appearance and Reality*, 204). He means that these slain men make the universe richer, and that is Philosophy. But while Professors Royce and Bradley and a whole host of guileless thoroughfeds thinkers are unveiling Reality and the Absolute and explaining away evil and pain, this is the condition of the only beings known to us anywhere in the universe with a developed consciousness of what the universe is. What these people experience is Reality. It gives us an absolute phase of the universe. It is the personal experience of those most qualified in all our circle of knowledge to have experience, to tell us *what is*. Now, what does *thinking about* the experience of these persons come to compared with directly, personally feeling it, as they feel it? The philosophers are dealing in shades, while those who live and feel know truth. And the mind of mankind—not yet the mind of philosophers and of the proprietary class—but of the great mass of the silently thinking and feeling men, is coming to this view. They are judging the universe as they have heretofore permitted the heirophants of religion and learning to judge them.

By looking into the large end of a telescope real life can be put far off and made small. Until modern science began its work the minutiae of the world, the mere actualities and facts, the things that took place, were looked on with supercilious contempt. But the soul and essence of science was its determination to see these things just as they are, and to exact the laws of the Real from them. But

this work has not yet been done of human experience in common life. It has been done of animals as far as possible in *their* common life, but man has not yet been discovered of importance enough to have it done for him. Instead of this the beautiful vague immensities of Being, Essence, God-Fatherhood, Sonship, Eternal Life, and the "for evermore," are erected out of consciousness into their place. They are like moving pictures which simulate the real. But all these are inventions, shadows, thought-clouds, originating in our faculty for despising the near, the present, the actual; yes, and due to the proprietary estimate of the common human being's worthlessness, for the philosopher is not above the standards of his proprietors and his age.

And yet all progress of man has been the calling of himself in from the wilderness of fancy in which his mind could aimlessly roam, to close and home and palpable relations. The highly intelligent eschew dreams and come to that which is supreme actuality, humble things as they are. And this Cleveland workingman, killing his children and himself, is one of the elemental, stupendous facts of this modern world and of this universe. It cannot be glozed over or minimized away by all the treatises on God, and Love, and Being, helplessly existing in their haughty monumental vacuity. This is one of the simple irreducible elements of this world's life after millions of years of divine opportunity and twenty centuries of Christ. It is in the moral world like atoms or sub-atoms in the physical, primary, indestructible. And what it blazons to man is the impotence of religion in its very essence, and the imposture of all philosophy which does not see in such events the consummate factor of conscious experience. These facts invincibly prove religion a nullity. Man will not give religion two thousand centuries or twenty centuries more

to try itself and waste human time ; its time is up, its probation is ended. Its own record ends it. Mankind has not æons and eternities to spare for trying out discredited systems of life.

The impassable truth shown is that not only the Christian motive but the religious motive at its largest, has not been sufficient to change men and the world. They have lent themselves to systems about what is *behind* life, systems of organized guesses, and the mere actual, that which is known and felt, they have despised. Behold the incalculable mind-energy that has gone into elucidating "God," Being, Christ's relation to God, and God's relation to man ; and after it all a Cleveland workingman has to kill his babies and himself in the presence of and in spite of these majestic essences ! Who that takes real things into account will believe a word of these colossal lucubrations when he sees what transpires in this moral universe of the Great Absolute ? "What is man that thou art mindful of him ?" Why the answer is, thou art not mindful of him. Thou permittest him to die like the weed, though with all the fiery sorrow that a sentient being can feel.

Certainly this presentation will have no point nor comprehensibility to those who deal in Being, subsensible Reality, and Theories of Knowledge. In their schemes that poor Ohio man filled a benevolent place in the Eternal Order and Moral Process. He was to find his highest self-realization and therefore contentment and happiness in killing his children, because the Divine Process could discover no food for them. Such is the immensity of Being and the profundity of Universal Love that they needed his heartbreak to fulfil the mighty concatenation of infinite connections.

But all this to intelligences that come home from In-

finitude to what palpably Is, must be pure and sheer babble, as meaningless as the mediæval tournaments in Essence—how many angels could gyrate on the needle's point. However absurd it may be in the realm of Being and Becoming, Godhead and God made Flesh, to men of simple and direct minds the murder and suicide of that man whom all Religion could not provide with means to live in this reekingly rich country, shows with finality the poverty and impotency of the religious motive for human life.

Religion is like a sleep-walker to whom actual things are blank. Let us offer its consolations to this Cleveland toiler, to all those other Americans dead of want in the bosom of riches: "And as creation was a moral act all its motives and ends were in God, for only so could they be *worthy of Him*. These motives and ends were those of *the supreme good*. God willed being *that He might will beatitude*. The willing was a sovereign act, but the motives and ends made the act *paternal*." \*

Thus speaks religion, but in no higher note speaks Philosophy. It turns its face away from the realities to battle through long tomes with imaginary figments. "Applied philosophy," its formulators tell us,† "is like practical religion. It illumines life, but it gives no power to use the arts of the medicine man." And how does it illumine? "Religious faith involves no direct access to the special counsels of God; but it inspires the believer with assurance that *all things work together for good*, and endows him with readiness to serve in his station the God who is All in all. Such religion is . . . the wisdom to find in all things, however obscure, or fragmentary, the expressions, however mysterious, of the Divine Love. The faith of the

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\* Fairbairn, *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, p. 439.

† Josiah Royce, *The World and the Individual*, ii, pp. 6-9.

devout . . . makes them glad to suffer, and willing to wait ; and sure that however far off God seems, he actually is near."

This is a beautiful summary of that ignoble resignation and acceptance which is all that religion can offer us against the blows of nature. Coerce your mind and subdue your insight, ignore realities and inwardly *assert* that the storms of evil beating down man are mysterious expressions of Divine Love.

And likewise philosophy: "The Theory of Being requires us to view every fact of nature, and of man's life, as a fragmentary glimpse of the Absolute life, as a revelation, however mysterious and to us men now in detail illegible, of the unity of the perfect Whole." "Philosophy does not create men, but reflectively considers their life." "We have to do primarily with human nature as it is."

The illuminations of religion and of philosophy are then identical, and the secret of both is Faith. Devoutly *believe* that the universe is Divine Love and a Perfect Whole. And now let us, as before we did with religion, apply the doctrine of philosophy to facts. When the obscure Cleveland workman, having vainly searched through weeks for employment, took his two children into the basement of his boarding house and tying handkerchiefs over their mouths fired a shot from an old revolver into each of their heads, and, failing to kill them, hammered their skulls in beneath the temple, we had 'a fragmentary glimpse of the Absolute life,' 'a revelation of the unity of the perfect Whole.' We had, I think, on the contrary a perfectly clear glimpse of what any one not besotted by the concepts of philosophy would call Absolute Imperfection, and of a universe in which the attributes of hate and hell were in cruel supremacy. And neither philosophy

nor religion will much longer avail with intellectual charlatanry and sophistries to restrain mankind from so reasoning and seeing. When it does so, a change in its principles of action like that of the passage from an old to a new universe will transpire.

Ethics follows at the tail of philosophy and religion. "The joys of a good conscience," says Wundt, "far excelling all other sources of happiness, are so great that the really moral man is entirely satisfied with the position assigned him by Fate: he would not change places with any one." \*

Patiently bringing our facts to bear upon this quaint academic thinker's fiction, the working man who, crazed by starving and seeing his boy and girl whom he could not feed pining and dying before his eyes, with no commiseration from God or man or moralist, crushed out their brains, would have been 'entirely satisfied with the position assigned him by Fate,' nor would he have changed places with anyone; for up to the time when the frenzy seized him he must surely have had a good conscience, since for weeks he had zealously pursued the mocking phantasies of employment and honest food. Thus the ethical writer with the mysteries of his science can reduce the utmost misery that a human being can know to a joy far excelling all others; he can make the most horrible fate conceivable to man identical with his highest bliss. But he does more: he demonstrates that ethics is an archaic exercise of modern school-masters hundreds of years in arrears, that its message to the present and to the future is dead.

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\* Ethics (Tr.) iii, 89.

## CHAPTER II.

## HUMAN RACE REPRESSION THROUGH SUBMISSIVENESS.

What is the cause of this uniform and dreary sterility in three great fields? Philosophy and ethics, like religion, are under dominion of the world's accepted structure. They are all fettered to the despotism of man over man which the first savage slave-catcher inaugurated. They have accepted their fundamental structure from the nature of human society as it has been since long before reflection began, and their thinking will be but idle relics when this stage is transcended.

The philosophic method is to begin with human experience and to then eliminate or obscure whatever would undermine the existence of a proprietary class. For in no other way can the procedure of the universe be justified or made to appear commonly humane. And as the mission of philosophy is to justify the universe, it is compelled to justify its iniquities and the nearer causes of those iniquities. Not only, then, is it indifferent and passive to the overwhelming sum of human wrong, but it evolves systems in which the greatest things of life are reduced to nothing and the remote things made all, systems therefore totally untrue. These three great streams, Religion, Philosophy and Morals, joined and have flowed together to effect the submission and abasement of man. And the ill they wrought to the race in doing so has been infinite. Let us briefly trace this evil through history to the present moment.

The condition of man before slavery was essential equality. Out of the property and class differences which slavery introduced grew the monarchic tribe. Having examined most of those now existing in the different savage races of the globe, Letourneau finds that "always and

everywhere, we see inequality of possessions coinciding with crying abuses of force and prerogative; everywhere the disinherited or despoiled are at the mercy of the well-to-do, who unscrupulously abuse their advantages. It is only here and there that we find the greater humanity of [earlier] ancient custom still protesting against this mass of tyranny." \* This was the parent soil of present nations.

At a certain stage, in a wandering tribe of Jews, our table of commandments crystallized. It was the formal moral code of a small population differing in every aspect from the great nations which subsequently thrived. In this miniature and energetic community tyranny and repression were decisively limited, compared with their play in bulkier states and those which came later. Greek philosophy and the Hebrew religion plus this moral code, united in Christianity, which became the religion and the ethical law of the Western world, with conditions stupendously changed. Commandments perhaps excellent for the migratory clan or modest little nation of Jews where the oppressor could be held in some check, became in huge machine empires the lethal potion which killed the instinct for rights and love of liberty in the best. 'Thou shalt not steal, neither shalt thou covet,' are suitable precepts in a state of equality, but in a social mechanism framed as Rome was for the spoliation of the many, they are advices to the many to meanly fall down and be pillaged. The masters of the empire were a predatory ruling corporation organized to extract and consume the honey of their subjects. There were natural resisters of these predacious tyrants—they were those highest minded men, who would be drawn to the ideal and become Christians. But as soon as they did so the false prescriptions of Christianity destroyed their zeal for a

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\* Letourneau. *Property ; Its Origin and Development*, 106.



right and beatific world, substituting an empty metaphysical righteousness and a heaven of fancy to run away to. The world needed at that time a religion of uncompromising resistance to tyrants, whether they were political or commercial, a religion, philosophy, and morality that would permit the righteous to allow the despoilers of men no peace or safety. Instead, they were put to sleep and to death by the dogmas of fallacious righteousness.

Swift, in a passage of tremendous import,\* depicting spirits summoned up through necromancy from the dead, signalizes his opinion of the type of men needed by the world. "The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away. I had the honor to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together: a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh. . . . I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty, to oppressed and injured nations." Into this list Swift would certainly accept the colossal modern figure of John Brown.

All of the other virtues are pale in comparison with this

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\* *Gulliver's Travels*: Voyage to Laputa, ch. vii.

of resistance to those who tyrannize in any form over men. Real ethics has therefore not yet begun to be. We have had children's ethics, children's religion, and children's philosophy—but not those appertaining to men. And because the servile religion and ethics blinded and unnerved the natural lovers of justice, the conditions of human life bear still a close resemblance to their original in the savage tribe, as Letourneau depicted it. What we find in the two great Anglo-Saxon countries, England and America, is *the accomplished degradation of a huge segment of the population and the advancing degradation of still more.* The population is steadily rushing to cities. Booth found in London thirty per cent. of the people below the poverty line, and Rowntree, investigating the smaller city of York, discovered about twenty-eight per cent. in that condition, below the line of physical efficiency. And now, keeping in mind Letourneau's exposition of monarchic tribes of savages: "everywhere the disinherited or despoiled are at the mercy of the well-to-do, who unscrupulously abuse their advantages," let us learn from Rowntree what a life on the border of mere physical efficiency is.

"A family living upon the scale allowed for in the estimate must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus. They must never purchase a halfpenny newspaper or spend a penny to buy a ticket for a popular concert. They must write no letters to absent children, for they cannot afford to pay the postage. They must never contribute anything to their church or chapel, or give any help to a neighbor which costs them money. They cannot save, nor can they join sick club or trade union, because they cannot pay the necessary subscriptions. The children must have no pocket money for dolls, marbles or sweets. The father must smoke no tobacco and must drink no beer. The mother must

never buy any pretty clothes for herself or for her children. Should a child fall ill, it must be attended by the parish doctor; should it die, it must be buried by the parish. If any of these conditions are broken the extra expenditure involved is met, and *can only* be met, by limiting the diet; or, in other words, by *sacrificing physical efficiency.*" \*

Is such a life worth living? That this shocking, savage condition is due to a craven morality, a nursery philosophy, and a servile religion, mere facts will gradually convince. It is due to their denial of facts and their studied perversion of facts to suit their pre-established doctrines; to that false, pernicious and cowardly canon of non-resistance which is the core of them all.

Let us follow the facts on to their climax. Race deterioration in Great Britain is at last acknowledged, when so great a proportion of military applicants are rejected for their inferior physique that the fighting power of the nation is menaced. The decay of these citizens did not ruffle the serenity of the proprietary classes while the mob continued to produce the required able-bodied men to serve as destroyers and destroyed for the political and commercial schemes of this class. No love of man, no concern for fellow-citizens dying of a degradation imposed by the proprietors, moved these dominant rich: only when their basest selfish interests were threatened did they stir; it then became patent that they were starving their slavish servitors beyond the point of their own vantage and they were frightened. The British commission found the infant mortality among the poor to be alarming. Now the British poor are neither provided with employment nor paid enough to enable them to live decently, much less to bring up

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\* See "Science and Poverty" by Champness, in the *Westminster Review*, Oct., '04.

decent children, what is theirs being confiscated for the excessive consumption of the proprietary masters. But the commission has no idea of mitigating the cause and changing the status of the poor, it proposes to make these degraded parents quasi-convicts, to force them to work out penally a debt to the state in payment for the state's rearing of their children in the manner which society prevents them from doing voluntarily. "In the last resort," says this absurd proprietary commission, "this might take the form of labor colonies on the lines of the Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh, with powers, however, of compulsory detention. The children of persons so treated might be lodged temporarily in public nurseries or boarded out. With a view to the enforcement of parental responsibility, the object would be to make the parent a debtor to society on account of the child, with the liability, in default of his providing the cost of a suitable maintenance, of being placed in a labor establishment under State supervision until the debt is worked off." And this inevitable degeneration of the increasing mass of poor is taking place in all Anglo-Saxon cities.

In England and America a rapid annual increase of insanity is at length admitted, though naturally with excessive reluctance; for it is a damning indictment of our religious and moral civilization, striking where there is the least possibility of evasion. The strain upon the wealth-producers, creating riches not for their own evolution but for the intemperate debauching luxury of the proprietors, is the primary cause. The producer is unable to feed himself and family as he should; in this abnormal undermining physico-mental state he takes to stimulants and deadly vice. On their side, steeped in selfishness in every department of their natures from their position as despoilers

of the producer, the proprietors steadily advance in depraving luxury and hideous brutalizing pleasure-worship. The riches of the nation are consumed in degrading their possessors. Here then is the resulting law of modern society : *Popular degradation advances in direct ratio with the seizure of general wealth by the Rich. The rich are therefore a centre of blood-poisoning which ultimately corrupts and destroys the social body. The health of society lies in amputating the rich.*

The Russian masses lost their faith in the Czar when he had them butchered on the way to appeal to him for help. When it breaks upon the American mind that the rich are the great centre of social poisoning, the last grain of faith in their utility will depart, and they will be impeached and their state abolished. In this will consist their amputation. These rich are fanatics in their belief that the American people will never do anything to them, even when they rend and expose each other they anticipate no *popular* retribution. Nothing will do more to dissipate the senseless glamour which protects them than the certainty that they buy and own American laws and law-makers. Thomas Lawson, corrupt though he is by confession, has done good work here. His character does not impugn the truth of his story, an honest man could not have entered the ring of rascals as he did, learning their profligate villainies by sharing them ; but the thing is, his explicit personal charges against the Massachusetts law-makers and Boston's 'great' citizens like Henry M. Whitney and his accomplices, could not be ventured unless they were true. He deposes thus of the bribers and bribed : "I do not hesitate to say, then : The Massachusetts Legislature is bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and wharves. That the largest, wealthiest,

and most prominent corporations in New England, whose affairs are conducted by our most representative citizens, habitually corrupt the Massachusetts Legislature, and the man of wealth among them who would enter protest against the iniquity would be looked on as a 'Class Anarchist.' I will go farther and say that if in New England a man of the type of Folk, of Missouri, can be found who will give over six months to turning up the legislative and Boston municipal sod of the past ten years, who does not expose to the world a condition of rottenness more rotten than was ever before exhibited in any community in the civilized world, it will be because he has been suffocated by the stench of what he exhumes." \*

I am citing these facts not as novelties to surprise the few who have not read of them, but to show their bearings on the greatest problems that confront man. I wish to show how the highest modern gentleman is the very image of his olden antetype thousands over thousands of years ago. H. M. Whitney is one of New England's most eminent and influential gentlemen, standing in the front rank of the American proprietary type. I doubt if a single one of that magisterial troop would hesitate to do as he does. And Lawson says Whitney was the star "fixer" of legislatures; the most accomplished *briber* of them all. "What were legislatures for, anyway, but to be 'fixed'?" leading Boston gentlemen of the highest culture and Christian standing inquired of Lawson.

As between the monarchic tribal chief and American chiefs like Whitney, the difference is purely in the length of the intermediate chain between their acts and the visible consequences. Civilization's greatest and characteristic invention is machinery for concealing the evil doer. *Civil-*

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\* Lawson's Magazine Article of Dec. '04.

*ization is increasing complexity of robber stratagems.* By lengthening the intermediate chain it throws the injured populace off of the scent. And the modern world is not offended by a consciousness of the utmost savagery flourishing in its midst; what offends it is to have this savagery spoken of.

With a people bred in a religion or philosophy of intelligence, the succession of enormities and scandals I have sketched—the crucial stupendous facts of modern mankind—would lead to an instant conflagration, wiping out every trace of the wrong. The infamous men who are corrupting American life and degrading the race, far worse and more iniquitous than the Catilines of old, would be assembled in penal colonies to expiate their crimes by useful labor. The perpetrators of these acts, the legislators and the eminent proprietors, whom Swift with his merciless exactness would call “a knot of peddlers, pickpockets, highwaymen and bullies,” would be no longer endured at large among men, again to plot their contamination.

But how is it under our Submissive religion and philosophy? The situation is treated with amusement and satire by the proprietary press, and that is all so far as anything can be publicly observed. The people, religiously subdued to slavish instincts for ages, will, many of them, experience some throbbings of molten rage, but they will think that it is evil to feel so; the religious inhibition checks every impulse to eradicate primary wrongs, *criminal righteousness* abolishes the play of their reason, and they do nothing.

But if intelligence cannot work openly and redeem, a subterranean hatred slowly accumulates. It was this which produced the French revolution. Submission again achieved the saddle after that revolt, but we must not forget that submission is strong with æons of instinct. Slowly

growing hate does in time most recklessly what intelligence would do at once with healing skill. And we arrive at the strange discovery, that under a submissive religion, a religion of canting affected love, *all great and real progress comes through hate*. This is the measureless penalty we pay for obedience to the corpse-like mandates of antiquity.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ORIGIN OF SUBMISSION.

The full *origin* of submission, however, is what it concerns us practically and particularly to know. For it long antedates the later religions and explains why their founders so naively mistook submissiveness for virtue. These religions came late and found and confirmed a state of human wretchedness already institutionalized and traceable in weighty measure to this principle of submission. Hence its origin will throw new light on all our surviving institutions and morals.

Far back in the hazy beginnings of human society a differentiation of men took place into warriors, and contrivers or producers. The warriors were the most brutal and domineering and less gifted; the contrivers and inventors were they in whom superior qualities of brain were starting. These new excellencies of mind were slight and rudimentary, yet they were the beginnings of higher man. Their possessors saw how life might be improved and proceeded to improve it, their interest being rather in work and production than in war, enslaving and killing; they were the intellectuals of the time, the scientists, the inventors, the creators, and among their discoveries was agriculture. They thought and worked. Here the greatest of all



errors ever committed by mankind arose. These men, the less violent, brutal, blood-thirsty, and selfish, relaxed their self-protecting vigilance, and permitted a division of labor; they gravitated to the higher and peaceful arts and gave over the business of war to the baser, duller sort who inherently thirsted for slaughter; they let down their guard,—and the result was that the truculent killing breed took command, and they were subjugated. This sealed the subjugation of brains to force for all time, *making brain the errand boy of brute force*. Far from setting intellect free to develop by differentiation and division of labor as writers teach, it dealt the evolution of brain an irremediable blow. For it raised Power over brain as its mentor, and made the higher intellect a minion of Might. And this degrading office intelligence has always meekly filled, with dumb mean gratitude for even tolerance to exist.

The contrivers and producers, having permitted the function of self-protection to slip from them, could no longer enforce their voice in public affairs, they lost respect and their wisdom was ignored, they were relegated to the despised condition of producing for and serving the others. Now this put an extinction on the evolution of wisdom. Who would give himself to creative and productive ideas only to be rewarded for it by reduction to slavery? Only the less intelligent, those barely above the brutal warriors, who were lacking in spirit. The higher intellects *with spirit* would spurn a peaceful creative career *plus slavery* and would join the warrior caste and fall in with the dominant brutal crowd and become identical with them. The productive, progressive ideas evolved would not be in any manner those of the best, but of the third and fourth rate intelligences, hardly capable of having ideas, and only such would the brute warrior class allow; the highest

minds would be sterilized, they would give up thoughts of progress, but if any foolhardy one did attempt to run counter to the brute majority he would meet with quick suppression.

Such was the outcome of the division into warrior and productive types. The growth of intellect was at once checked and permanently stunted; it was tied to the will of the turbulent, bloody-minded and stupid—the destroyers; thenceonward they were the custodians of intellect and decided what it might do; the intelligence, the soul, the dawning humanity, had to come on bended knee to these self-appointed negaters and nullifiers to plead permission to improve man, with exceeding small hope of being heard. Here was where that repression which later expanded into an earth-girdling system sustained by dastardly armies and linked by a thousand low laws saw first the light. Here is the key to human history and its religion and philosophy.

The two movements creative of submission went side by side and united their effects. The captured slaves accepted their servitude and consented to produce, supporting the warriors their owners; this ratified their submissiveness and its evolution in their posterity, entailing on both all the cumulative consequences. On the other hand, the intelligent peacefully-inclined drifted away from warlike activity, accepted production as their status, and the warriors as their rulers; essential slavery became also their lot; for where they differed from the captured slave in privilege or immunity, they were in no sense free men, equal to these power-wielding warriors, but were servile both in station and mind. The conquering caste ruled them. Their freedom was the price they paid for seeking intelligent improvement of human ways. They who preferred peace and industry to war were enslaved or enserfed.

*What was their mistake ! Submission to this state.* We may call it their crime against man. It was a crime against all good and hope anywhere. The intelligent should have preserved their warlike capacity to protect themselves against the brutes of their race and faithfully exercised it. They should have compelled the warrior type to do their half of the productive work or die. *They should have forced the truculent to support themselves,* and thus prevented an exclusive warrior caste, the progenitors of all tyranny and tyrants. All would have partaken in war when necessary. This would have changed the brutal into a peaceful type. Allowance to war and enslave *ad libitum*, continually evolved a keener brutality. What we have missed in our reading of nature and antiquity is, that perfect brutality awaited the advent of man. The accepted theory is that brutality lessened in man, the truth is *it began its real evolution in man.* And it did so because the better type yielded. The better sunk into pusillanimous torpor, they established an heredity of *good cowards.* It is absurd to say that the more intelligent could not have held their own against the brutes if they had adhered to the practice of arms in co-ordination with industry: the fact of their superior brains would have certified success. They would then have held brutality down and begun its extirpation. As it was there were none to resist the man-brutes, they absolutely had their way and used the whole world to rampage in. In this perfect environment for it, brutality started on a limitless evolvment. The increasing brain of man was brutality's new propulsion and man's strengthening faculties steadily widened its field. This was inevitable because the conquering caste controlled evolution and their brute instincts would direct its course.

The evolution theory which assumes on the whole the

constant advance of man is very far wrong. *The progress of man's brain for countless ages was almost nothing but the exercise of brutalities unknown to 'lower' creation and depending on semi-man's greater brain power.* All these exercises became structural in man's brain and are there yet explaining man's far deeper than brute baseness. They explain man's inability to see the infamy of the resultant structure of human life as we accept it, and his callousness to its horrors when he does see. It is because human evolution did not go right, but switched to the wrong almost in the very outstart.

Faithful evolutionists surmise that this differentiation into warrior caste and peaceable dependent supporters of them tended to purify the race of its blood-thirsty stock; they refer to it as far the most potent cause of the advance of peace-loving industry. For they say wars naturally attracted the turbulent and bloody-minded and killed them off, so gradually cleansing mankind of their tribe; which they call another beneficent instance of natural selection. The reasoning is mainly fallacious. Before being killed masses of this type left offspring as bloodily bent as themselves. To the progeny of wedlock must be added the soldiers' illegitimates springing up in the track of their wars. The law of the warrior is license; which also is part parent of the dictum, civilization is syphilization.

But war and the rule of the conquering caste were the apotheosis of the war trade and the war kind of society; which having established themselves put men through their brutal mould, nurturing their ferocity and extinguishing their higher traits, shaping them for tyranny, rapacity, cruelty and butchery; so that while some were being destroyed, a constant stream developed by the brutal social ideal more than replenished their sort. And those who

by the war-structure of human communities were thus degraded would otherwise have evolved in the direction of peace, industry, invention and intelligence. The same process is exhibited by all the western nations to-day in commercializing their children. Commercial rapacity is the dominant law of civilized materialized mankind, mankind life-killing and idealless, and numberless youths capable of nobility and worthy work in the world are incessantly sucked down into the commercial vortex where they smother their souls in the prevailing baseness. The military ideal continues its domination and corruption even in these latest times, ever feeding the war type with new material and countervailing any tendency there is in selective forces to purify the race of blood-thirstiness by killing the blood-thirsty out.

In modern times moreover there is not even the shadow of selection operating to kill the blood-thirsty out. With the great standing armies in which all able-bodied citizens must serve, a war simply destroys men at random, striking every type. The civil war in the United States decisively lowered the *quality* of the American race. The plurality of the survivors emerged more or less debased and brutalized by their experiences; many who might have grown in personality spent their strength in the conflict and remained stationary the rest of their lives; and cohorts of the best and least war-loving were killed. Taking the nation as a whole, its quality very decidedly sunk. And we have the most glaring proof that it did. The baser sort shrewdly seized the occasion to speculate on the nation's misery and batten on its needs; they did not offer to fight and they were not weeded out by natural selection; they took government contracts and otherwise trafficked and peddled to grow rich. When the struggle was over they had a

deteriorated population to cope with; many of the more spirited and intelligent were dead and still more were corrupted; and the commercial plotters found the weakened nation soft prey. The events of the past forty years indicate how soft: a handful of absolutely selfish unscrupulous creatures absolutely control and mostly own the wealth and productive industries of the States; they have quietly taken the property away from the rest. And a veritable army of Americans, many of them no doubt descendants of civil war soldiers, are living in actual semi-starvation, while other large masses are being intellectually and morally starved by care and poverty. The terrific words of Tiberius Gracchus to the plucked Romans might well be emblazoned before these truly expatriated sons of the American Commonwealth.

"The wild beasts of Italy," he said, "have their dens to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause have nothing left but air and light. Without homes, without settled habitations, they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals do but mock them when at the head of their armies they exhort their men to fight for their sepulchres and the gods of their hearths, for among such numbers there is perhaps not one Roman who has an altar that has belonged to his ancestors or a sepulchre in which their ashes rest. *The private soldiers fight and die to advance the wealth and luxury of the great*, and they are called masters of the world without having a sod to call their own."

It is memorable that the Roman proprietors did not disgorge, that through the action of *submission* the labor-loving and best were totally expropriated and servilized, that the worst survived and ruled the empire in rottenness, and that finally the whole structure crumbled from this cause. Be-

hind the cause of extortion and expropriation which is often enough designated, was the real cause, submission. The Roman people, far outnumbering the proprietary extorters, were under the spell of an idea which verily has been the prime and original curse of the human race—Submission. *Through it the best have been prevented from surviving ; it has maintained the survival and perpetuation of the worse.*

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## CHAPTER IV.

### MANUFACTURING THE SLAVISH INSTINCT IN MAN.

Man's mind having been cast through interminable time in the slavish submissive mould, it is a well-nigh miraculous feat for him to step out of his mental rigidity and see what his past and present slavishness is. But if he can contemplate a picture of himself in the animal world, a feeling of realization and even shame may invade him. He will find this picture in Darwin's *Origin of Species* under "Slave-making Instinct ;" and it shows not only the meet and sure fruits of pusillanimous submission, but the saving potency of a spirited resistance.

This remarkable instinct, says Darwin, was first discovered in the *Formica rufescens* by Pierre Huber. "This ant is absolutely dependent upon its slaves ; without their aid, the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work of any kind, and the workers or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests, or feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters,

that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their own larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (*F. fusca*), and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors; made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights." "What can be more extraordinary," Darwin asks, "than these well-ascertained facts? If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to speculate how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected."

What is far more wonderful is the exact parallel of human slavish instincts. Man is supposed to be a higher being with power to reflect, but the very superiority of his mind employs itself to cause him to outslave the ant. The case at its simplest is the conduct of the black slave in our war. While the North was engaging his masters in the field he had but to rise collectively and walk away to freedom. All the colored population could have migrated to the North, instantly extirpating the root of slavery. Instead they remained and cared for the families of those who were fighting to keep them in slavery, raising food also for their masters' armies. Had they not done so their owners would have been in the position of Huber's thirty ants, they could not have fed themselves and their families and fought, the war must have ceased and slavery died. But the slaves, like *F. fusca*, 'set to work, fed and tended the fighters and their offspring,' and as far as they could 'put all to rights.' Is not this more astonishing by many wide degrees than the similar performance of the lowly narrow-brained ants? With armies contending to free him the African's instinct for slavery remained as impregnable as the little colored insects.'



But we need not draw our lesson from the African, for here in the United States at this hour the sons of the men who had freedom are exhibiting a more astounding example of the structural deposit of the æons of slavishness in us. A mere handful of lawless men, with the utmost *sang froid*, take possession of the nation's wealth, expropriating its owners; they are void of title, physical, moral, or spiritual, to do so; it is a work of dastardly fraud and dishonor, bribery and crime, from its inception to its completion; and yet, like the African minion in the cotton field, seventy-seven million whites submissively watch the process move to its grand and deadly consummation.

Scientifically speaking, these civilized whites, the Ethiopians, and the *Formica fusca* (ants) are on the same level of intelligence and courage. And perhaps no modern fact is more illuminating than this. The minds of all three types, separated apparently though they are, work helplessly in the one iron groove; the highest equally with the lowest wanting elasticity to spring out of it. The ants in fact are higher than the American white man. For we have no evidence either from Huber or Darwin that the slave-making ant starves its slave property, whereas in the United States and Europe millions of the expropriated and merely verbally free are being starved by their masters. Superficially considered it would seem that the ants are more willingly degraded than their human confreres, since the owners cannot even feed themselves, and perish with hunger if the bounty of their slaves is withdrawn. But in human society, likewise, there are many members of the proprietary leisure class who would die incontinently if they were thrown out of their privileges and compelled to struggle for their livelihood. Everything has to be done for them by their servile providers almost to feeding them,

to preserve their valueless lives. Darwin's words are very apt for these: "This [human] ant is absolutely dependent on its slaves; without their aid the species would certainly become extinct in a single year."

And this is the point. So deeply built into man is the submissive slavery instinct that he cannot conceive how he could possibly stop draining his life to care for masters and mistresses who are utterly helpless, who are powerless to coerce him, who would become as a species instantaneously extinct if he desisted from his stupid self-imposed preservation of them. Like the ant, *he manufactures his masters*. Taking everything into consideration this is the most stupendous paradox in the animal kingdom. And he does this from intellectual weakness, the fact that he does it showing that his thought power in the highest field is no farther evolved than the ant's.

The entire proprietary class are dependent upon their supporters for the life of their species. They could not exist as proprietors 'a single year' without the *sense of obligation* to work for and keep them alive which the great servile horde feels. The life of the servile crowd is therefore expended in erecting masters and keeping them in their place. Cessation from the service of support is alone necessary to give the servile their liberty, but this irrational sense of obligation drives them blindly to their posts, and it is no other than that reasonless slave instinct which hurried the solitary ant to feed and preserve its owners. The sense of obligation is here seen to grow as readily about a depraving instinct as with an ennobling one. And this at once demolishes the value of the feeling of obligation. It may as readily be an impulse radically defiant of man's good as kindly to it. The sense of duty may be man's greatest injury; it not only *may*, but is and has been

so to the full extent of its operation through time to hold him in slavery or submissive subjugation.

It is one of the prodigies of a strange branch of thought that Kant used our sense of duty to prove man free. The sense of duty has held the immenser portion of human beings through all time in groveling yokeage to other human beings, whose right to hold them has been nil, and whose power to do so is mainly this sense of obligation *in the dutiful*; but to a great philosopher the fact of this enslaving sense is proof that man is a free agent. The essence of the proof is that man is a free agent because he has a sense of obligation which keeps him a slave. An instinct which holds man in the extremes of degradation establishes philosophically that this is a moral universe ruled by a moral god! Curiously too for the moral character of the god which this proves, the master's divine sense has been his sense of duty to keep his co-mortals in the bonds of despicable degradation.

In man it may require several generations to manufacture the moral sense to wear the yoke, or one generation may suffice. But where a long series of generations has wrought, each hammering man's brain to practise and believe in servility, he is naturally certain with all the impetus of his nature's architecture that every sanction in the universe justifies and glorifies and commands his slavishness. Then we have morality as it has been for many centuries, we have philosophy, we have religion, and we even have science in its only semi-emancipation, backing this threadbare ancient trinity.

The ant's pupæ are captured and the new-born are trained as slaves from birth; they have no memory of freedom to stimulate them to freedom. Neither have the children of most men any memory of true freedom in their

ancestral line. But man has a larger brain than the ant and the human atmosphere is not without floating ideas of the equal rights of all men. Therefore man's sense of servility is much stronger and baser than the ant's. Still the conscience of the ant is sufficiently strong, as another species watched by Darwin corroborates. "The slaves are black and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is great. When the nest is slightly disturbed, the slaves occasionally come out, and like their masters are much agitated and defend the nest: when the nest is much disturbed, and the larvæ and pupæ are exposed, the slaves work energetically together with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence it is clear, that the slaves feel quite at home." An ant philosopher of the slave-holding tribe following this touching domestic drama, and probably much emotionally moved, would doubtless record that the slave ants had no desire or capacity for freedom and were much better off as slaves. So record human slave-makers.

In the cited case conscience prevents the slave from running away when he gets a chance. Indeed it is likely that his conscience is so vivid that he never thinks of running away. He is worried by his master's troubles and lends a hand to set him right—so that his own servitude may be resumed. How small a stretch of fancy is required to believe that a Christianity like ours has been delivered to the ants!

I said that the ants not only reproduce human servility in a wonderful way, but that they shame man by teaching him how superfluous his æons of slavishness have been. If he had gone to the humble ant to learn he might have been perpetually free though all the sorry ages and never have suffered and smothered beneath their sordid pall.

One day Darwin's 'attention was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting a spot, and evidently not in search of food.' They attacked a community of the slave-species (*F. fusca*) and were repulsed. Darwin 'then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *F. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants.' And now comes the revelation of the saving principles we are seeking: "At the same time I laid on the same place a small parcel of the pupæ of another species, *F. flava*, with a few of these little yellow ants still clinging to the fragments of their nest. This species is sometimes, *though rarely*, made into slaves, as has been described by Mr. Smith. *Although so small a species, it is very courageous*, and I have seen it ferociously attack other ants. In one instance I found to my surprise an independent community of *F. flava* under a stone beneath a nest of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*; and when I had accidentally disturbed both nests, *the little ants attacked their big neighbors with surprising courage*. Now I was curious to ascertain whether *F. sanguinea* could distinguish the pupæ of *F. fusca*, which they habitually made into slaves, from those of *the little and furious F. flava*, which they rarely capture; *and it was evident that they did at once distinguish them*; for we have seen that they eagerly and instantly seized the pupæ of *F. fusca*, *whereas they were much terrified when they came across the pupæ, or even the earth from the nest, of F. flava, and quickly ran away*; but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ." \*

It is the courageous fury of these little beasts against their intending enslavers that saves them. Nothing else

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\* *Origin of Species*, p. 218.

could have the faintest influence on ruthless might; but heroic fury, the fiery will not be slaves, protects their freedom.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A SLAVE'S ONE DUTY IS TO WIN FREEDOM AT ANY COST.

And this fury to be free is the highest and first quality, both for animals and man. For there is absolutely no other soil in which true virtues can grow. The virtues that bud in any form of servitude are spurious. Nor is chance and fortunate freedom that priceless soil of virtue, it is the *will and furious courage* to preserve freedom at any price and in face of all invasion, which is its sure and only soil. Every virtue grown in servility contains the ingredients of servility. A servile thing is not a man but only the false mimicry of one; he can do nothing and be nothing as a real man would. He has committed the irretrievable character fault of suffering himself to be wrenched out of manhood into slavehood, whereafter he conforms no longer to the high free true laws of his soul but moulds his being to his false state and to the compelling will of abasers.

And slaves are in no sense those alone who are bodily owned, but all those who yield to a condition of things where others deprive them of their own and limit their rightful good. All who permit themselves to accept the servilage of modern times, inherited from original craven submission and the primeval slave-catcher, who like the slave ant support others without an equal return, these are slaves, these may have all the virtues of the Christian, Stoic and Buddhistical calendars, but not a single virtue of them all is real, every one of them has a coarse alloy, is

mimic and counterfeit. *Because a real man cannot be grafted onto the stalk of a slave.* His thoughts will be fed by the slave's blood and crossed with the slave's thoughts. And because it was and is *unnecessary* for him to be a slave.

The ants taught him that ; little and furious *F. flava*, who taught their would-be masters so piercing a lesson by the ferocity of their resistance that the tyrants became the cowards and cravens and ran away quivering from even the earth their noble adversaries had walked on. There is no other such tremendous lesson in the animal or human world. This ant is high above man, not only in the splendor and glory of moral bravery but in the majesty of his intelligence, with which mankind has nothing to compare. He never ceases to see ; his very constitution abhors the evolving depravity of slavery which man has softly accorded himself to like wax. The accommodation of man to his enslavement after the fact, I shall show to be his highest wrongdoing.

Doctors of divinity and morals in the ant kingdom. you may be sure would be on the slave-maker's side, and would reason to the slave class as follows : ' You are now captured and that alters the moral situation entirely. You had a right *before capture* to resist to the death, but now you have no more right to resist ; you must conform yourselves to the laws of your master and your slave condition and do your duty in it. " Servants be in subjection to your masters with all fear ; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully." ' This is what the doctors of ant divinity would say. And if the slaves asked who made the laws of our condition, the doctors would reply, God.

But the god that made these laws we know was the master's diabolic greed. It was transposed into theology by the ant theologians, and into law by the ant lawyers and legislators, and into philosophy and science by the ant philosophers and scientists, all of them slave-holders or younger sons of slave-holders, or at least paid to think out of their bounty; and the essence of the divinity, the law, the philosophy and the science was the master's insatiable greed.

There was no reason why the ant slave should have made a truce with the master's greed after capture. If he cravenly did so that truce was not binding on the slave ant's sons or sons' sons. And we as men with our larger minds can easily see this. Nor could this cowardly truce be binding on the thousandth generation of slave ants. Nor could the status or habit of slavery build up an obligation of any kind on the slave or his descendants. The status and habit of the master keeping them slaves was a perpetual repetition of the first act of enslaving them. There never was in all slave-ant history a time when the slave owed a solitary duty to his master. Not love, not fealty, not faith, not one moral law. But he always owed himself the duty of breaking the yoke and of killing his masters to do it if he had to. For he eternally owed himself freedom, and to teach his masters that slavery could not be. Looking down into the deep abyss of ant inferiority we can perceive at a glance that this is true of the ants.

What is the difference between ants and men? Why, that it is all infinitely truer of men because of their superior possibility, because of the greatness and sacredness of every individual, his imprescriptible right *and duty* to be the whole that a man can. And whoever says that a slave can be all that a man can must be the son or the salaried singer of a slave-owner.



But now suppose a series of benevolent transitions in which the master ants found that they could get more out of their slaves with less care to themselves by some transformation of slavery, while still extorting their support from the slave-descendants and still despising them as an inferior creation and holding them in servile dependence. The formic doctors of divinity, science and commerce would now be proving to the modified slaves that they were free and that all the blessings of life were resident in them because they were no longer in the bodily bondage of their progenitors. They would be proving that the modified slaves owed loving submission to *present extortion* because the masters had found it necessary and profitable to discontinue certain brutalities connected with *past extortion*. The argument runs, If the ant masters cease to whip and to bind their modified slaves to service *in a given place*, the gratitude of the slave can only show itself properly by his continuance to serve under enduring extortion *in some place*. Formerly he was whipped or killed and could not choose his place, now he is not whipped and *can* choose his place, and the doctors of insect divinity and science inform him with scorn that if he isn't willing to support his old masters' children in such blessed freedom as this he does not deserve to live at all. And in truth, with insect shrewdness almost comparable to man's, the masters see that he does not live if he will not work out his gratitude on these terms, for he gets no work and starves.

Such then is ant civilization and it makes human blood boil to think of the injustice. But it especially ruffles our sense of right that the insect doctors of religion and science should trick the slave descendants with such flimsy nonsense as their maudlin arguments, which we blame even a dull ant for imbibing. And we see instantly that the duty

of the slave-descendant to the master-descendant is the same as that of his captured ancestors—to *be free, to break the transformed yoke*. Obligation to work for him on quasi-slave terms he has not; if the qualified ant-master demands this service he is merely reasserting the original owner's 'right,' installed by murder and force in the primitive insect forest.

And now turning from ants to men to see if there is anything to alter the deduction, we recognize that there is not. A person who consents to be servile to another breaks the highest law of the universe within our ken. That law is *expansion with the greatest celerity upon the highest lines of intelligence*. A slave's or quasi-slave's expansion is curbed by the iron walls of denial and impossibility which crush him down; the very best expansion he can make is a distortion and sham. Let a man first give his supreme attention to making himself and all men free, and he will then begin to know the virtues of higher nature.

The enslaved should have been perpetually irreconcilable. Unceasing war against their enslavers should have been the law of their being. Force and death were the instruments of enslavement, as they were always in final analysis the naked sustainers of it. These were the weapons and only weapons for the slaves to have fought back with; for the duty to get free always continued as stern and absolute as the duty not to be taken, and these weapons alone were potent there. It was the slaves' and their posterity's to have established the certitude that slaves could not be kept with safety to the lives of the masters. Would slavery and qualified slavery ever have become fixed human institutions if the slaves had bided their time and destroyed their masters upon the first opportunity of freedom? Never, and the race would have been a high and free race ages

gone if they had possessed the courage so to behave. And they would have been treating the masters strictly as the masters had treated them or their forefathers, merely turning the tables, not however to establish slavery, but to abolish slavery and win their inalienable right.

For this law of action should have descended to the posterity of slaves as long as enslavement was tried. For time did not annul the fact that slaves were slaves, stunted and defiled, and time should not have cooled their noble fury to regain their manhood in any later generation, even if it needed the extermination of the entire slave-owning tribe. Extermination was the abiding function of the masters. They exterminated the slave's life if he firmly claimed his valid right to self-possession; they extirpated his higher faculties unceasingly; which authorized the slaves to exterminate them under any circumstances to reach liberty and wipe out the damning institution. No lapse of time lessened this duty a jot.

Nor could any relation which grew between man and master, nor any affection, nor any morals, lessen it. Brutus was a friend of Cæsar but he killed him as a tyrant, and Swift rightly says this far outranked in greatness all of Cæsar's deeds. And what did the affection of the master for the slave amount to if the master would not grant his slave the one condition for becoming a man—freedom? The relation, the affection, the code, were fraudulent. There was just one test of the master's *honest* good will—did he set the subjugated free, and abrogate the state of repression? And if not, he was but murdering every day the slave's faculties and reasserting the original assassination of life which founded the enslavement.

Finally, no scheme of obligations, morals, laws or relations which evolved out of this criminal situation and has

overcast modern times, resting upon and assuming servilage in any form, is binding upon the servile. If they accept these unwarranted bonds of servility and perform their sham 'duties,' they repeat the original crime of slavery against themselves, they drive a nail to preserve the pestilent edifice, they exercise the worst of all wrongs against the whole society of men. For they estop that career of universal human freedom in which all men's faculties will have full expansion, which for the first time will justify the existence in the world of human life. The liberation will set masters free too, for so long as there is a slave or a quasi-slave, the master is another kind of slave.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### SLAVES HAVE NO HUMAN DUTIES TO MASTERS.

We are seeking principles to explain the sorry mesh of human life and to disenthral us. Every hoary reverend idea will have to be placed in the category of doubt. We must calmly think of the ancient sanctities and see whether there was any sanctity in them. The idea that human slavery in any form was either good or necessary is untrue. It was an evil in all its workings, without mitigation. There was no moment in its career when its existence was justified. It was the father of the false moral code that the subjugated owes duties to the subjugator, which code stripped of meaningless amenities is that murder and rapine establish moral obligations. Force and death were always the pillars of slavery, and these imparted no moral obligation to the enslaved. It is the primal law that a man has a right to fight force and death by force and death; nay, unless the world is to be given over to the rule of the beast contingent of mankind he must do so.

The law above all laws is man's obligation to be free. His right to freedom is inalienable. He could not accept slavery and be moral. He criminally sinned against the highest law when he bowed his neck and yielded to a human yoke: his children down to the last generation of slaves *sinned equally* in inheriting the yoke. So that his obligation always was to fight his enslaver with force and death. And the reason for this was not an abstract right of freedom, but that none could reach his fulfilment as a slave, and the good of men one and all demanded that each should reach his fulfilment. Here is the far-shining fact, all-penetrating, all-determining. Not that a man had a right to fail of his possibility through cowardly slavery or indolence, but that such an one was an evil-doer, despicable, apostatizing from the man estate, renegade to that call in him from the deep somewhere to the best. One hard stony trail alone led up to the bright altitudes of his best—Liberty. Every slave that ever passed his life in slavery was a millstone on the neck of mankind, every villein and serf was the same, every quasi-slave *is* the same. *They were all by their recreant compliances dragging the human race in a wrong and depraving course of development.* Slaves and serfs and quasi-slaves were all in a team with the masters and quasi-masters carrying mankind through black regions of corruption away from its glorious goal.

This is the grand indictment against slaves and quasi-slaves for which there is not one breath of extenuation. 'They would have killed us if we had resisted?' You had better have died. You lived and continued to breed cowards. If some of you had died you would have lighted up the spirit of revolt in all and swiftly annihilated master-ship. More of you died vilely as it was than need have

died honorably to free you. You died on the battlefield fighting for your masters when not an atom of good from the fighting was to come to you. Why did you not, slaves and serviles or both sides, turn in and fight your masters together? You died of plagues sown because the conditions of slavery are pestilential. You starved, as now in the twentieth century quasi-slave descendants of yours are starving because you were beguiled. You worked in polluted places for your masters, with grim death at your elbow knocking one by one of you into the grave—and was not this killing you? did you escape death by running away from death? You entailed it on a thousand generations because you dared not strike your tyrants to the dust and be free. You assisted in the spoiling of all the race of men through these thousand generations by your caitiff subserviency. A master's life was not worth more than one of your's, not as much. One grand upblazing, or an unquenchable guerilla warfare against them, would have terminated slavery as an institution, and saved all those slavery-slain in the thousand generations of its dragging continuance. Your crime was that you left your masters peace by night or day and nursed the evil on through squalid ages, *forbidding human progress.*

Slavery lasted because you built in your lives the instinct of cowardice and ever transmitted it stronger. Thousands of years ago the race might have been measurelessly beyond its status of to-day, if you had broken forth for its liberation. Would this have been nothing? It would have been the greatest thing within man's sphere. Every person who has lived his pitiful fragmentary lot in the interval, would have lived as man is expected to live ten thousand years hence. It was your timorous truckling reverence for a master's morality which prevented that; the masters made and patented a morality to clap upon you.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MANKIND'S FALSE EVOLUTION.

We are concerned to know the chief ill imparted to man by this institution as it bears upon moderns, and it is the *slavish instinct*. Slavery as physical possession is dead, but slavery as moral possession was never more alive, and this is *possession of the exertions*. *If you can own a man's ideas far enough to own his efforts his vital substance is yours*, let him call his body whose he will, even his own. Such is the pass of the slaves' descendants, the modified slaves of the modern world.

And the thing is done through the slavish instinct, structured into the brain of most of mankind through those ancestral æons of submissiveness. Having taken the wrong road the race departed ever further from its proper goal, and its nature developed a steady divergence from the right nature. A man was evolved who will have to be unevolved, torn down, before high progress can be even commenced. The fabric of this built-up type is shoddied through with the slavish instinct, the slavish conception of things. The majority of men cannot think in terms of freedom any more than a dog can think in poetry or mathematics; it is beyond their present mental conformation. They conceive that man was pre-organized from eternity upon a servile model, so bottomless in them are the springs of servility. Yet that vicious constitution was not in man originally, because *men had to learn to be slaves*. Their animal ancestors were not slaves, nor were the earliest men, therefore the slavish instinct did not yet exist. Man has the sole shame of having added this infamous instinct to the human stock. 'But this could not have happened unless it was good for the race,' some evolutionists will say; 'only a beneficial instinct could have survived and

expanded by natural selection as this has.' Let us see. Hobhouse\* alludes to 'the numerous cases' in which wasps "tolerate, or even feed parasites, which live upon the food which they store up for their own grubs." Is not this identical with the instinctive actions of the whole human servile type, who share the good they create for their children with a parasitic class which depends on their doing so for its very life? The conservation of a most abnormal and injurious instinct is therefore seen in the lower animal world. "But," continues Hobhouse, "we may quote one even stronger case from among ants, whose power of adaptive modification far exceeds that of any other insect. Every one knows the tender care which ants bestow upon their larvæ. Yet they freely tolerate in their nest the *Lomechusa* beetle, the larva of which eats their cherished young. It is as though we bred and tended cattle which habitually devoured our children." But does not the servile human type, in dividing its children's food with the parasite class, often robbing its children of needed nourishment in order that the parasites may be filled, feed and tend a species which in result literally consumes its children?

Nor, says the writer quoted, are the ants wholly blind and instinctive in what they are doing. For they "not merely tolerate the *Lomechusa*, but actively tend its larvæ, on the same methods by which they nurse their own. Now, it happens the nursing suited to an ant larva is fatal to a *Lomechusa* larva, and in course of time the ants appear to find this out and modify their whole system of nursing" so as to preserve the hostile larvæ. It need not be observed that our human servile type likewise nurses and rears the offspring of its parasites, who, when they are

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\* L. T. Hobhouse, *Mind in Evolution*, p. 74.



grown, will feed upon its children as it is itself being fed upon by the mature parasites. The human method of nursing and rearing does not have to be modified for this end, for parasite and servile tender are of the same stock. This purely scientific comparison gives man the best possible clue to his nature. A harmful and debasing instinct may gain lodgment, it may survive and ramify, expanding its defilement to almost any limit short of destroying the race. It may presumptively pass that limit, when the species dies on account of it and the instinct in that living vehicle becomes extinct. This is the cause of the decline and extinction of peoples as will be shown in the sequel.

At present we must take further testimony from the animal world on the stability of useless and hurtful instincts and forms. A specimen of the useless formation is the soldier caste in ants, described by Morgan.\* "In the true ants there are, besides the workers and the queen and the males, the soldier caste. These have large thick heads and large strong jaws. On the Darwinian theory it is assumed that this caste must have an important rôle to play, for otherwise their presence as a distinct group of forms cannot be accounted for; but I do not believe it is necessary to find an excuse for their existence in their supposed utility. From the point of view of the mutation theory, their real value may be very small, *but so long as their actual presence is not entirely fatal to the community they may be endured.*

"In regard to these forms, Sharp writes: 'The soldiers are not alike in any two species of Termitidæ, so far as we know, and it seems impossible to ascribe the differences that exist between the soldiers of different species of Termitidæ to special adaptations for the work they have to

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\* *Evolution and Adaptation*, p. 350.

perform.’\* ‘On the whole, it would be more correct to say that the soldiers are very dissimilar in spite of their having to perform similar work, than to state that they are dissimilar in conformity with the different tasks they carry on.’ ‘The soldiers have the same instincts as the workers, and do the same kinds of things to a certain extent. ‘*The soldiers are not such effective combatants as the workers are.*’ Statements such as these indicate very strongly that *the origin of this caste can have very little to do with its importance as a specialized part of the community.*”

It is apparent that this martial caste is a positive drain on the society, for the workers are better fighters, and the soldiers if workers would therefore not only be stronger protectors but would be productive also. On the whole then this caste must be accepted as a vicious formation produced and harbored by nature in the family of ants to its detriment.

An instinct indubitably pernicious to its bearers is noted by the same author, in the behavior of some animals to a to a distressed mate.† “‘Herbivorous animals at such times will trample and gore the distressed one to death. In the case of wolves and other savage-tempered carnivorous species the distressed fellow is frequently torn to pieces and devoured on the spot.’”—(Hudson.) Of the herbivora “Hudson points out that it is not so much the weak and sickly members of the herd that are attacked in this way, as those that are injured, and concludes, ‘the instinct is not only useless but actually detrimental’ . . . . ‘In turning against a distressed fellow they oppose themselves to the law of being.’ For they do not, like the wolves, eat their injured companion, deriving sustenance,

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\* The *Cambridge Natural History*, Vol. v. 1895. Quoted by Morgan.

† Morgan, 411, 412.

but aimlessly destroy one who might live,—a species of self-destruction.

It is established then that a pernicious instinct may gain a foothold and maintain itself in the animal world. That baneful instincts may live and thrive and grow in man, sending their filaments through every tissue of his life, without destroying the race, is a sound inference from this fact. Independently of such support we know, however, that man is saturated with a series of proclivities which cause him every degree of harm short of race annihilation. It is not the place to examine these individually, our present interest being in the central catastrophe of submission and its product the slavish instinct. That man went radically wrong very early, and has ever since evolved upon a wrong track, is nothing new in nature, having as shown strict precedent in the animal world.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### MODERN QUASI-SLAVERY IS ANCIENT SLAVERY DISGUISED.

In what ways does this servile structure of man display and prove itself? We can trace servility and its consequences through every important human relation. It shows itself conspicuously in the organized working classes of England and America. Prior to the extension of the British franchise in 1884 it was confidently expected that 'the working class would vote together as a class in working class interest,' but Mr. Spender, writing recently on that subject,\* points out 'that the working classes have never voted as a mass and are to-day farther from doing so than ever. *The enfranchised workingman shows a marked*

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\* In the *Fortnightly Review*, Sept. '04.

*preference for propertied representatives.*’ “Direct representatives of labor are still but a handful, and the difficulty of increasing their number is, in the main, a difficulty of inducing the working-class to accept them and support them.” Among the working classes, he says, the diversities of temperament, the indifferences, the preoccupation with bread-getting and saving, the amusements, the social distinctions, the deference paid to power and wealth, are substantially the same as among the classes. “The social distinctions of the East End are even more intricate and complicated than those of the West End, and have the same reactions upon private opinion.” Under no conceivable circumstances could this state be predicated of free minds; it is the fruit of the English workingmen’s slave instincts and the light and feeble characters cultured by these instincts. Trifling matters of any sort, and preposterous social distinctions among themselves, suggestive for example of a social hierarchy on an emigrant ship or in a poorhouse (which no doubt maintains) divert them from the problem of their freedom and emancipation from the parasite class. Yet they are goaded to action by every possible sting. Wallace† reminds us that in London “a woman, trouser-making, can earn one shilling (25 cents) a day if she works *seventeen hours* at it;” that “a woman with a sick husband and a little child to look after, works at shirt-finishing, at 3*d* a dozen, and can earn barely 6*d*. (12 cents) a day;” that “another maintains herself and a blind husband by making match boxes at 2¼ *d*. (4½ cents) a gross, and has to pay a girl 1*d*. a gross to help her.” “Here is a mother who has pawned her four children’s clothes, not for drink, but for coals and food. She obtained only one shilling (25 cents,) and bought seven pounds of coals and a loaf

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† Alfred Russell Wallace: *The Wonderful Century*, 351-1.

of bread! . . . And the fifteen years that have passed, notwithstanding the 'Royal Commission,' leaves it all just as bad as before." Wallace wrote this in '98, so it is up to date. He quotes Arthur Sherwell, who has found that in the London district north of Soho 'more than 100,000 persons are living below "the margin of poverty."' Probably even these people are keenly attentive to their social distinctions.

Surely this condition of life in the working class would be a maddening incentive to action in any beings whose minds were not dungeoned in a slave's instinct. The English working classes endure it placidly, at least so placidly that having the ballot and being a large majority of the electorate, 'they are farther from the massed vote of the masses than ever;' 'they strongly prefer *propertied representatives*.' It would require a very constructive intellect to call their condition *quasi*-slavery instead of absolute slavery, and yet they cling to it voluntarily when the use of a strip of paper would end it!

How do *intelligent* Englishmen view this thing? Listen to Huxley's view of it. Writing in '88 \* with all the force and eloquent indignation of an irresponsible agitator, he said that *la misère* is a large and increasing fact in all the great centres of industry. "It is a condition," said he, "in which food, warmth, and clothing, which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state, *cannot be obtained*; in which men, women and children are forced to crowd into dens where decency is abolished, and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to brutality and drunkenness; in which the pains accumulate at compound interest in

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\* *Nineteenth Century*, February 1888.

the shape of *starvation, diseases, stunted development, and moral degradation*: in which *the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, rounded by a pauper's grave.* . . I take it to be a mere plain truth that throughout industrial Europe there is not a single manufacturing city which is free from a large mass of people whose condition is exactly that described, and from a still greater mass who, living just on the edge of the social swamp, are liable to be precipitated into it."

Without fear of contradiction I advance the law that *The evolution from positive to quasi slavery has been a progressive evolution of brutality.* The evolved form of cruelty has changed, its essence has become sharper and more destructive. We have a high class, the spendthrift class, which *consciously* imposes these conditions on its supporters; it *wills* these conditions; a life on earth (strictly adhering to Huxley's description), hardly better than the wretchedness of hell; and this is the requital it bestows upon its qualified slaves for feeding, clothing, housing and garnishing it in an order of luxury which makes the splendors of the ancient world vulgar and cheap. At no time in the earth's history was brutality more refined, unerring, intentional, and universal. It is now gloved brutality, gloved in religion, political necessity, and law; and these gloves like the rubber ones of surgeons in operations protect the social operators and render them immune. If they openly inflicted the horrors upon mankind which they do inflict behind the skilful shield of religion and law, even mankind as it is, besotted by the instinct of submission, would rise and destroy the machinery of infliction. The specific achievement of the evolution from slavery to quasi-slavery is the perfection of these safety gloves for the quasi-masters. Proceeding through an intricate apparatus of secular

laws and theologico-moral justifications, all of them constructed to safeguard the master in his work of vivisectioning his human brothers, brutality is more universal, more absolute, more deadly than it ever was before. Resentment and revolution are quelled in the people by extinguishing their sight and destroying their scent *by the distinctive agencies of quasi-slavery*; the modern slave is made to imagine that he is free; but it is solely the strength of the slave instinct in him which enable these threadbare agencies to work.

Following the British working classes another step, they have incentive of another kind than class starvation and stunted bodies and souls to move them. Superfluous English riches flare before their eyes, riches of their own creation. The increased profits of the City of London, from 1880 to 1890 were \$153,776,415.\* "There are sitting in the House of Lords," says Wallace, "sixty peers who hold possession of land producing a rental of over £50,000 (\$250,000) a year each. The sum total of these sixty rentals is £5,405,900," over twenty-seven million dollars. This sum is taken by sixty men, and it is taken out of the well-being of England. Ultimately the producers pay it, those whose bodies are starved and whose brains and souls are stunted and who are in luck if they do not fill a pauper's grave.

I am conducting a scientific inquiry, and the purpose of this citation is, with its help to measure and weigh more accurately the bulk of the surviving slavish instinct in British workingmen's brains; for I consider this and the bulk of the same instinct in still other classes, the most impressive question of modern civilization. This slavish instinct is the secret of human society, institutions, and

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\* The *City Press*, quoted by Wallace.

character as they are. If its strength and processes are analyzed science may for the first time be able to propound intelligent methods for the succor of humanity.

A mathematical formula cannot yet be given for the strength of the slavish instinct in the British working classes, but a relative formula can. It is stronger than self-respect in the British workingman, stronger than family attraction, than love of parents, love of wife, or love of children. These are the objects personally dearest to the normal animal ; he will fight for them while he has a drop of blood, even weak and shrinking creatures becoming terrible when their young are assailed. But the British workingman has inverted the instinct. He is abject when his wife and children are attacked by his "superiors," he does nothing to defend them ; *but he will fight savagely for these superiors and their children*, just as an animal will fight *for its own* offspring. Thus he has turned nature awry and become a species of monster. If *some* workingmen in the throes of despair act naturally and defend their own children against the inroads of superiors, *other* workingmen, whose children are likewise on the edge of the pit of starvation, attack and destroy them. They suppress the revolvers to deprive their own children of the chance of escaping this cruel-jawed pit.

It therefore appears that the entire British working class are perverts, for they act in defiance of certain of nature's most fundamental instincts and the highest laws of self-preservation. It is a curious thing that ants trained to slavery will behave with the same perversion, fighting with their masters against their own tribe and blood. The workingman is in the grip of a still deeper instinct which holds him like iron, not only stopping the machinery of his intelligence but inhibiting if not consuming his natural human emotions.



Astounding as this phenomenon is it is partially explicable. The period of absolute slavery was many ages long, and during that time the slave's emotions and his family were entirely subordinate to the master's will. He was separated and sold away from his wife and children when it pleased the master, and his women were subject to the master's passions; and scores of centuries of these dehumanizing abuses destroyed the primacy of his affection for his own flesh and blood and substituted a cringing terror of attachment for his owner in its place—a psychic condition like that of the dog toward its owner, who has learned to suffer the extinction of its progeny and loyally lick the agent hand.

Another phase of working-class perversion is the unhindered appropriation of their daughters to minister to the passions of their "superiors." Workingmen witness this quietly, quite without a cry, it is so much a part of the fixed, religious order of their state. An upper-class Britisher could no more get along without his brothel, filled from the daughters of his supporting workers, than he could do without his chapel. Each ministers to a necessary class of his emotions; and the religion he hears in the latter teaches those at the dreg end of the social line the sacred beauty of humble gladness in the station to which *God* has called them.

The *repose* of the working class under the upas shadow of this bestial function of their girls, surprises only those who do not reflect that this has been always one of the foremost uses of the women of slaves, so that contentment with the system is nearly equal in strength to the larger instinct of which it is a branch. The process is conducted so naturally that it cannot be opposed without impugning Providence as revealed in the laws and economies of mod-

ern society. Virtue will yield at a certain pressure of starvation; the higher class applies the pressure to the lower until the virtue of enough of its daughters relaxes to equal the supply to the demand. Since this is a purely economic process no one is to blame for it anywhere, except the girls. The moralist flings them the consolation that their error was in not dying, but this is merely a formal tribute to virtue, for no moralist expects them to die and thus ruthlessly limit the order sent down by the higher society for their bodies. The working-class as a whole impassively accepts the duty of contributing its female flesh and soul to sate the passions of the caste which owns it.

If we turn to the British middle class the scars of their servitude are no less indelible. Their servility of character is one of the notable phenomena of Europe. They observe the state of the working-class for the most part without concern; the condition of the majority of themselves is precarious and sordid; others of them are masters whom I have described, causers of that terrible working-class wretchedness, bordering, as Huxley said, the swamp of starvation; and all who are not masters and causers of this indescribable *misère*, *aspire to be such with a burning agony*. It is a frequent manifestation of the corrupt and truly slavish temper that its owner has no conception of happiness apart from rising to the oppression of others as he is being oppressed. With a pitifully few bright exceptions the supreme ideal of these middle class people is to force their way into the group of quasi-owners of the working class, to become also their tyrants and destroyers. They are profoundly ashamed to be middle class, and rightly so, for it is a position of universal contempt, a more invidious rank than the working man's who is somewhat respected

because on rare and phenomenal occasions he riots. The British middle half-and-half class *never* riots, the slavish instinct works in them the peaceable fruits of groveling imitation of the higher caste which cordially and boundlessly despises them and knows of their presence in England only as supplementers of the working mass in supplying their support. This despicable class is without a country and without a mission in the world. It sees, or should see, how unsound and foul the state of human life is; it suffers shamelessly itself from that state; it is competent to change it; *but with its main force it keeps that state just as it is.* It is in build and character a repetition of the working class.

And why? Because the masonry of the slavish instinct of its ancestors who were likewise slaves fills and dominates its mind. Submission is its main capacity; it answers blindly to the mandatory cowardice in its forefathers' lives, who were the dregs of almost geologic ages and whose children are among the dregs of this. The inherited baseness of this class is its devotion to the system of quasi-slavery from its greedy desire to become the quasi-master; and no mire is too noisome for it to inhabit for this end. And what are its chances? Wallace states that in England "the annual produce of labor from which the whole expenditure of the people necessarily comes, is estimated at 1,350 millions sterling (6,750 million dollars); and this amount is so unequally divided that *one* million persons among the wealthy receive more than *twice* as much income as the *twenty-six* million constituting the manual labor class." \* Subtracting those of the British middlings who figure in this owning million persons, what is the reward of the rest for their obedience to the servile deposit from antiquity in

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\* *The Wonderful Century*, 343.

their nature? Insult galling if suave from above, and a hard, cramping, deadening life for the most of them.

The law of the middle class is that it will endure equal outrage and worse contempt than the working class. It is more servile, for whereas a fraction of the working class combine, the middle class is lacking in this courage. An average member of this class is even lower economically than an average mechanic because to hold his caste and position he is forced to spend more for dress and appearance than the mechanic. He submits to all this without complaint because his dearly-purchased genteel clothes confer a resemblance to his envied superiors. The great majority of this docile branch of English society are mercilessly bled by the wealthy.

Our study is how much the slavery crystallized in their natures will cause them to bear, how base they will consent to be. We find that with the bulk of them resident close upon the abyss of pauperism and starvation, and all of them wheedled non-entities in their own land, despised by its aristocrats (their supported wards), they simply stand pat and suffer. Everyone knows that the British trading class is not considered fit for association with a 'gentleman'; Ruskin bitterly bemoaned it, saying, "I believe one of the worst symptoms of modern society to be, its notion of great inferiority, and ungentlemanliness, as necessarily belonging to the character of a tradesman;" but the tradesman has a tough-skinned mind, he doesn't resent, he gulps the indignity respectfully as his national portion. At one time he got a great deal worse (he thinks), kicks and cuffs, stripes and sword-thrusts, which he still has an organic memory of, and mere contempt he gratefully can't feel.

But it is not so well known that truckling to the puerile

rank and riches of empty social superiors is a characteristic of the highest British intellects, the men of science. Yet Galton avers of English scientific societies that 'as Britons are not unfrequently servile to rank, some of these societies seek a purely ornamental patron,' some mere titled person.\* The same spirit of servility pervades scientific men in some of the colonies. The Rumford medal of the Royal Society of Great Britain was recently conferred upon a member of the McGill University (Montreal) faculty for notable scientific achievement, and a banquet was given in his honor by the University at the Windsor hotel. Principal Peterson, as toastmaster, proposed "The King," "The Queen and Royal Family," and "His Excellency the Governor-General." In his remarks the Principal said 'that he wanted to remind all present that the future King of England was a graduate of McGill, and that at the last convocation of London University, at which Dr. Peterson was present, he found that the Princess of Wales wore the cap presented to her by McGill when she visited that institution as Duchess of York two or three years ago.' The instinct descending from the forerathers of Professor Peterson, who were slaves and villeins, prevented him from seeing how such puerile allusions in men of otherwise competent brains bear up the British strain of canting servility from generation to generation.

Canada pays its titled Governor-General \$50,000 a year, and its working head, the Premier, \$8,000. The former dwells in a state-furnished palace at Ottawa and his salary is remuneration for his *social* services. He imports the air of snobbery, rank and aristocracy from the mother country, the air of the master class, which always carries with it the counter fact of popular servility; and in her

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\* *Natural Inheritance*, p. 23.

titled governor-general Canada purchases from Europe a bracing consignment of its mother's caste. In the current Cornhill Magazine a writer observes, "The European atmosphere distinguishes Ottawa from other Canadian cities in a certain feeling of caste not distinguishable elsewhere, except in military circles in Quebec and Halifax. The Ottawa girl, however poor, may be her own maid of all work at home but must not seek employment in a shop or office if wishing to hold her own amongst those partaking in the hospitalities of Rideau Hall."

Those who usefully work and whose efforts contribute to support the governor-general's ornamental society functions are not admitted to them, making the tradesman and shop-girl from England feel quite at home in the new world.

Early in the Eighteenth century Montesquieu spent two years in England and gave his estimate of the people. "An ordinary Englishman must have a good dinner, a woman, and comfort. So long as he has the means of getting these, he is contented; if these means fail him, he either commits suicide or turns thief. All classes are corrupt. Honour and virtue are held in small esteem. There is no religion in England. If one speaks of religion, every one laughs." These are the proximate ancestors of Englishmen and Americans of the present day. A great deal that is blind becomes clear by studying ancestry.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INHERITED SLAVISHNESS OF AMERICANS.

All this tremendous bent to slavishness the American inherits from British ancestors, but it should seem that for all this deeply grained instinct, the inward swell of free-

dom would be something vital and irresistible in him. And yet if we expect this we are totally deceived. There is no process in the whole world, no scientific discovery, no conquest, no commercial, industrial, or political event, of such portentous significance to the world's life as the action of the American people in surrendering their property and freedom to the Rich. They are but obeying the universal law of popular servility it is true, they are but reacting to that stern slave instinct carved in their fibre by ten thousand slave generations, to whose iron mandates they bend as unconsciously as the brute does to its good or evil orders from Nature, and yet this dissolution of American hopes and extinction of its promise, is not without the greatest pathos of all the catastrophes of mankind.

The difference between America and England is this: the people of America have had the greatest freedom and opportunity on a large scale that any civilized country ever knew, whereas the common people of the United Kingdom never had liberty, they never won it, and never tried to win it; as preceding facts have shown. The American renunciation of liberty is therefore the abandonment of a unique supreme position, a social Gibraltar, which has been the envy and wonder of mankind. It is an evacuation and retreat, it is the self-restoration of a people to quasi-slavery after through a lucky dozing of the gods they had escaped it, a rehabilitation and triumph of that indomitable will to be slaves which has cursed man as a sovereign instinct through immeasurable spans of time. Am I exaggerating? are Americans still free? are they holding fast that which they had? I think only our new master class will say that we are still free, with their tongues in their cheeks and their hands on our throats, and they certainly are holding fast to that which we had. I will show

how like the eternally subjugated servile English our classes are.

We, too, have trade unions, and our laboring class is a preponderant part of the people ; it could save itself from the mire of poverty in which it creeps and it could stem the tide of ebbing liberties and give the dying body of our freedom invulnerable life. But like its confreres abroad to do this skilfully and with saving speed, it would have to act in politics as a unit ; and here is its everlasting shame and reproach. It *will not*, and some of its guides and interpreters tell us it *can not*, while still others say it *should not*. This is because it is a class of quasi-slaves, generated by quasi-slaves. For what logic, or manhood, or intelligence can there be in the following behavior : to elect their propertied masters to office and then send up committees beseeching these masters for a little labor legislation, when they might have elected their own men to make the laws they want ? Only minds strangled by a great superstition or relentless instinct could perpetuate this pitiful puerility if anything were at stake, and now everything is at stake. The workingman of not many years ago thought he was as good as his neighbor, but he is now the unregarded atom of a toiling caste which drags its train of misery across the sphere. He is now the humble social dog or ass. He threw away what he had, because in the slavery of his soul he prefers capitalists to make his laws for him.

Eleven years ago the American Federation of Labor became the scene of struggle for united labor action in politics. After ten years of agitation, ten years of Trust growth and spoliation of all American classes, ten years of expansion of the liberty-throttling party machines for which the working men voted in truckling nerveless



herds, the Labor Federation meeting in Boston in 1903 rejected united political action for labor by 299 delegates representing 1,128,200 members, against 65 delegates standing for 214,700 members \* —nearly five against one. They decided annually to put their employers in office and to go on their knees meanly begging favors in the legislative anterooms, of these employers, only to be scornfully refused.

The Federation Constitution says: "Party politics, whether they be Democratic, Republican, Socialistic, Populistic, Prohibition, or any other, shall have no place in the conventions of the American Federation of Labor." And Mr. Macarthur speaks for the Federation majority, the five to one, when he pleads that it is the undeniable policy of wisdom 'to exclude from the affairs of trade unionism all matters upon which men are more inclined to divide than to unite.' This is but proclaiming that American workingmen choose to exist as a captive under-caste, that their loyalty to themselves, to their children, and to the human race is weak and flabby compared with their will to support the hard caste above, which is their constant undoing.

And this labor writer continues impressively, "The fundamental error upon which political action is based consists in crediting government with the power to solve the problems that now affect the relations between employer and employee. . . . The solemn lesson of history, to-day and every day of our lives, is that the workers must depend upon themselves for the improvement of the conditions of labor. Their power inheres in labor, not in the ballot; it is the power to produce, and, in the last analysis, the power to stop production. To conserve and concentrate that power is the first and last duty of trade-unionism. . . . You

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\* W. Macarthur, in "The Annals of the American Academy of Political etc., Science." Sept. '04.

cannot solve the labor problem by the ballot, nor by the bullet."

Why now does a sincere friend of labor counsel this weak recession from the front fighting line, this bald surrender and desertion of the heavy guns? He sees that the employing caste uses politics as an industrial torpedo to frustrate labor and exploit the nation. The political bureaux of the Trusts are one of their foremost departments; politics with the trusts is *a branch of industry*, is one of their hugely fruitful engines of 'production;' the Rich *own* politics, and use it not nobly, patriotically, humanly, honestly, but evilly and abominably, to give a lawful aspect to their mad greed to confiscate all that the people have. Now the labor leader says, We must not interfere with them in this, their especial greed-field, *for politics is not business!* To labor and to strike and to beg crumbs of the millionaires and their secretaries whom we elect to Congress are our functions. That is, to fawn upon and flunkey to lawmakers elected by themselves instead of *commanding them*, is their ignoble function.

Who can wonder that the sorry American working caste is despised when it offers this imbecility in anxious exculpation of its cowardice? It *does* use politics, but instead of for its life for its suicide. It elects the millionaires and their political heelers, and empowers these to make the laws of labor, industry, and commerce and undo its strikes. *If it is not going into politics the labor class should renounce its vote and stay at home election days.* That would be honest to its pretence. It would then leave to its superiors the act of electing its masters and enemies to the office of its executioner, whereas with insane vacant huzzas it now hustles to the polls and fights frenziedly, laborer against laborer, to elect its own industrial slayers. Either politi-

cal batch of executioners will execute it, with only the difference that the party of the executing part will be called Republican or Democratic according to the fortunes of this mock and wheedling war. But, so firm in the working man's constitution is caste, that it is a terribly vital matter to him whether he is executed Republicanly or Democratically.

He goes to the ballot in two herds, thereby nullifying himself, and places the Rich invariably in power: and these rich statesmen and their understudies the senators etcetera then appoint the high judges, also capitalist understudies, to pass on the laws in labor disputes. And this also to opiated organized labor has nothing to do with trade-unionism, being in quite another field, *pure politics*. But it gets around to pure labor before very long and in a manner which makes labor's bones crack. At the last convention of organized labor in San Francisco (1904) its president declared: "The open-shop cant and hypocrisy aim at organized labor with the full knowledge *that it, and it alone, stands between the toilers with those dependent upon them and the greed and avarice that would force down the conditions of labor to a bare subsistence, lengthen the hours of daily toil, and make the home wretched and desolate.*"

These are very strong words and are undoubtedly fully believed by their author and the 2,000,000 organized laborers. But all these men at the base of their hearts love the capitalist and worship his power more than they hate the desolation of their homes. For they elect rich men's judges (or the rich men who appoint them) who rule as the Appellate Court of Brooklyn has just done, that the closed shop is illegal, being contrary to public policy. Labor in the last analysis instals these capitalist judges,

directly electing them or their political creators, by its policy of 'keeping politics and labor apart.' So that when organized labor announces its opposition to the desolate home we seem to see demonstrated one of two things: either that American organized labor is organized stupidity, or that *its* out-speakings about the desolate home are idle 'cant.'

But we are not tracing out this dense imperviousness of American labor merely to expose it, but for the much more serious purpose of revealing its cause. The American laborer is the immediate descendant of slaves and quasi-slaves and the entire architecture of his mind is imperatively slavish; he does not love a desolate home for its own sake, but it is his option because his mind is of hereditary enslaving clay. He *has to* elect the desolate home in obedience to the slavish set of his mentality. There is politics, a weapon which would surely deliver him from the desolate home and all black menace of it, but eight hundred years of quasi-slavery in his begetters, and perhaps eight hundred thousand years of previous positive slavery, compel him to shun that saving instrument like a whip of fire. The American laboring class is a mixup from civilized European countries where all men who are productively useful are *ipso facto* pitiable wretches without the substance of free intellect in them. They are *submitters* by divine right. Now a few years or a century or two are not going to obliterate that primordially upbudded slavish constitution, and that is the reason our toiling population prefer to continue servile and base and be-robbed.

## CHAPTER X.

## BLOSSOMS OF SERVILITY—AMERICAN REPOSE UNDER ROBBERY.

So it is with our middle class, with identical cause. If, now that everything American is merged in financial greed, there can be said to have been an American Idea, it was the repudiation of social classes from our system of life. Yet social classes now reign full-blown and the middle class has accepted a menial lower place. It waits upon the footsteps of the rich and serves its whims; it pays the tolls and tributes ordered by the rich unresistingly; it has submissively stepped down to its lowly place and is cultivating the suitable thoughts and feeling of servile inferiority.

And the reason? Having lost its wealth to the rich it now accords every species of mastership to the rich—industrial, political, social, intellectual. In a war conducted without conscience or honor by the commercial tyrants, the people were shorn of their property and social status, and the routed people now accede to their conquerors the *right* to be their social, political and financial lords. This never could have been if the middle class of the country had ever possessed free minds. They once entertained a few ill-digested fancies about freedom, but the deeper composition of their instincts and intellects was even then as servile as the worshipful mental medley of the British shopkeeper. This alone will explain why they allowed a handful of commercial adventurers and buccaneers to throttle, gag and bind them and to walk off masters of America and its wealth. The narrative of this highway assault may be given in many ways, but I think a view of the bony framework of the Trusts, which these buccaneers have built up out of the people's wealth, presents most

accurately and vividly and lividly America's degradation. This outline is condensed from Moody's resumé of Trusts,\* and Mr. Moody is a devout champion of their ways.

There are (1) Industrial Trusts, (2) Franchise Trusts, and (3) Railroad Trusts. Their number (mentioning only the important ones) is in all 445, distributed as follows:

Leading Industrial Trusts . . . .	318
"    Franchise    "    . . . .	111
"    Railroad    "    . . . .	16
Total . . . . .	445

*I.—Industrial Trusts.*

Of the 318 Industrial Trusts 7 are altogether greatest. They are the Copper, Smelting, Sugar, Tobacco, Merchant Marine, Standard Oil, and Steel. They have absorbed or control 1,528 formerly independent plants; their total capitalization is \$2,662,752,100.

But 298 lesser industrial trusts have acquired or control numerically more plants, viz., a total of 3,426; and their total capitalization is \$4,055,039,433.

And besides these there are 13 important industrial trusts in process of reorganization, representing 334 acquired or controlled plants, and a capital of \$528,551,000.

The total number of industrial plants engulfed by these 318 Industrial Trusts is therefore 5,288;

Their total capitalization . . . . . \$7,246,342,553.

*II.—Franchise Trusts.*

The 111 leading Franchise Trusts are composed of two groups: (1) the important Telephone and Telegraph Trusts, numbering 8; (2) the important Gas, Electric Light, and Street Railway, consolidations, in number 103.

The former (8 Trusts) have absorbed or control 136 plants; their total capitalization being \$629,700,500.

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\* Moody on Trusts.

The latter (103 Trusts) have embraced 1,200 plants, and are capitalized at \$3,105,755,571.

The 111 Franchise Trusts have then adopted into their family 1,336 plants ;

Their whole capitalization is . . . \$3,735,456,071.

### *III.—Steam Railroad Trusts.*

There are 6 Great Steam Railway Groups: The Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania, Morgan, Gould-Rockefeller, Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb, and Moore. Their component plants are about 700 railroads which formerly stood on their own feet ; their united capitalization is \$9,017,086,906.

There are 10 Allied Independent Steam Railway Groups, which have consolidated about 250 roads, and their total capital is \$380,277,000.

These 16 Railroad Trusts have therefore assimilated 1,040 separate railway lines and systems ;

Their whole capitalization is . . . \$9,397,363,907.

### *Mileage of Railway Trusts.*

The mileage of these Groups in 1903 was :

Vanderbilt . . . . .	21,888	miles.
Pennsylvania . . . . .	19,300	"
Morgan . . . . .	47,206	"
Gould-Rockefeller . . . . .	28,157	"
Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb . . . . .	22,943	"
Moore . . . . .	25,092	"
Total . . . . .	164,586	"

In 1897 these groups had but 61,833 miles.

In 6 years only their increase has been 102,753, chiefly by absorption.

### *Total Railway Mileage.*

There are in all about 204,000 miles of steam railway in the country, of which the 6 Big Groups have all but about 40,000 miles.

Of this 40,000 the 10 smaller systems control over 13,000 miles.

Less than 27,000 miles are left, dispersed in much smaller railroad systems, and not really vital or paying. When it becomes worth while they will be engorged by the large.

Of the more than 177,000 miles of vital railway mileage of the nation, the 6 Great Groups control 95 per cent. These Groups are all linked together within, forming really one colossal Railroad Trust.

The financiers at the head of and entirely dominating this Railway Trust are—J. P. Morgan, J. D. and Wm. Rockefeller, W. K. and F. W. Vanderbilt, Geo. J. Gould, Harriman, A. J. Cassatt, Jas. J. Hill, Edwin Hawley, H. H. Rogers, August Belmont, Thos. F. Ryan, W. H. and J. H. Moore.

The most important of these men—Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Gould, and Vanderbilt, '*are interested in and more or less dominate all the groups,*' thus binding the whole, and this whole is practically dominated by Rockefeller and Morgan.

The reader may now search out for himself how the same few men with a few others '*are interested in and more or less dominate*' the other great trusts mentioned—the Industrial, and the Franchise Trusts, and how imperial the power of two individuals, Rockefeller and Morgan, is in most of them also.

After musing upon which until he has measurably digested its force, let him peruse the grand totals.

The 445 Trusts of the three kinds have absorbed 8,664 independent plants or systems; their combined capitalization is \$20,379,162,511.

This whole vast bulk of capital is controlled by a minia-



ture group of individuals over whom two, Rockefeller and Morgan, predominate. It was all created by the people of the nation and should be owned by them, but the mass of it has passed from them to the Group of Huge Rich, counting altogether numerically a petty handful compared with the nation's citizens. And this process of absorption is advancing with velocity, and will advance until everything the people have is absorbed and owned by the Small Rich Group. These rich have a financial process which unerringly draws to them like a magnet all wealth; the process and its ramifications are known to everybody of moderate intelligence in the country; they see their riches, the people's riches, being taken from them as if by an invasion of foreign brigands; they see the whole centre of gravity of life changed, scores of thousands who were prosperous and self-sustained, made dependent, every vestige of equality and equal opportunity obliterated and the entire people reduced to a degrading vassalage to the lawless invaders.

*And they submit.*

They submit because their ancestors were slaves and hinds and because their minds are crowded with slavish superstitions and fictions. We are from those English laboring and middle classes whose last spark of manly fire seems to have gone out with the slaughter of Wat Tyler's insurgents five hundred and twenty-five years ago. Submission then became absolute in the Anglo-Teutonic character, if it could be more craven than it was, and nothing has shaken it.

Some of these British quasi-slaves came to a new country and proclaimed *liberty*, about which they knew less than babes, and of which no true ingredient was in them; they brought the word liberty, but they brought the structured

instinct of slavery, guiding the course of their feelings and thoughts as granite peaks determine the windings of rivulets. For a time Nature's wanton prodigality in the New World suspended the relations governing the residue of civilized men, and because nature was lavish the new Americans thought they were free, they even thought they loved freedom and imagined that the slavish nature of man was in this hemisphere forever extinct. But the slavish instinct was still supreme. Each man set about appropriating all of nature's bounties that he could, just as he had seen the masters in all lands do, and those who lagged in the battle of appropriation did as slaves have ever done—submitted, and let things go whither the new appropriators and masters willed. Success in appropriating, they imagined as slaves always do, gave plenary rights over the expropriated. The beaten in the rivalry of getting lie down and let the beaters run things and and run over them. Now slaves *had to* do this, and modern people out of their subconscious slave reminiscences *think* they have to do it. They do not have to. The sharp goad of the slave-maker's Force created an irrepressible habit. *Why* should men with a swelled power for getting run society and human life? It is fit doctrine only for a mad-house or a slave world.

Yet this is the philosophy of the present abrogation of all popular rights on this continent. The American people are but a segment of the ancient mass of servile plasm, and nature's special gifts being exhausted, they bend their spines to servitude just as meekly as the populace of every nation that ever existed, save one, has done. They do so in their abject piety to the Great Ancient Mistake—*Submission*.

We recall an ancient allocution, Blessed are the meek

for they shall inherit the earth. Was ever a word more false? Every fibre and particle of it is untrue? The law of life is, The meek shall *not* inherit the earth. The earth shall be taken away from them because of their cowardice. They shall die out and their race shall die out, for the spoilers will bereave them of nourishment and life. They shall not have wherewith to persist, and their type shall be known no more. And the robbers shall inherit the earth. It is a pity this was not comprehended before the robbers had already inherited so much of the earth. But it is never too late to retrieve, and there is a way.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### ALL LAWS ARE ANNULLED BY STARVATION.

And now let us summon a picture which proves my saying that man has carried the evolution of Brutality far beyond its simple origins in the kingdom of beasts, that man is the conscious depository of cruelty at its highest power, that he chooses cruelty with wide-open knowing eyes before he will yield one item of his fierce and brutal luxury. The question is a scientific one. We are looking not for the food of hysterics but for crystal facts through which to penetrate the innermost nature of this universe and its "god." And the amazing facts we here register confirm not only the mad brutality of the rich, but equally the marvelous sottish slavishness of the victim poor. Here is the dark inferno of the Anglo-Saxon heart, seen from its deeds:

"There are 25,000 starving men, women and children in Tottenham, London, an outer suburb of the metropolis, and so far nothing has been done by the general public to relieve the distress. The crisis will assume appalling pro-

portions if outside aid be not at once supplied. Terrible, indeed, is the lot of the little children of the workless men in Tottenham. Milk—the prime food of the child is almost unknown, except in tinned form and in microscopic quantity. In Tottenham the children of the unemployed have to go without milk. Young men and women who are not householders, are seeking in vain for work. Every man, woman and child of these many thousands is in desperate need of practical human sympathy, and if this does not come, and come speedily, disease and destitution will claim—as *they have already claimed*—numberless victims. A band of hungry men, driven by want to their wits' end, yesterday attacked and raided a baker's cart. They wanted bread for their wives and little ones, and to silence the piteous cries at home they defied the terrors of the law.

“‘We have not been able even to fringe the need of the starving population,’ said the Vicar of St. Johns, the poorest parish amid many poor parishes.” And the Vicar continued as follows: “I saw thousands of men yesterday, whose wan, white faces bore the stamp of despair, and whose eager, wild, burning eyes spoke eloquently of hunger’s terrible delirium.

“‘How can I see my wife grow paler day by day?’ asked a laborer, whose once burly frame had been attenuated by want, ‘and hear my children ask for food, only to be denied it? Can you wonder if I—a man who never wronged his neighbor in his life—should snatch a loaf, even if I have to go to gaol for it?’

“The men—with few exceptions honest men of highest character—complain loudly and bitterly. There is no work for them. They are not dissolute thriftless, unworthy. They suffer undeservedly.

“‘My little ones are so good,’ said a mother whom I saw

yesterday. 'They know dad is out of work, and they never fret or whine. This morning they went out breakfastless to play, and came back at dinner time. "Have you got any food, mother?" asked the eldest. I shook my head. I could not trust myself to speak. "All right, mother," said the child, stifling a sob of disappointment, and together they trooped out into the streets again.'

"One case I came across was that of a painter, whose wife was lying upon the floor suffering from erysipelas. He was her sole nurse, and their four children occupied the same room. He had been out of work for six months, and the home had gone.

"'There is no hope,' said the doctor who is attending a mother of five children, a sufferer from bronchitis. 'Under ordinary conditions she might have been saved, but she is starving.' Yet the husband is an able-bodied, capable man, who has tramped weary miles each day in futile search for work." \*

In bright America, the world's hope, it takes this form: 'In a prison cell of Philadelphia, Bernard Breckley, a veteran in the army of the unemployed, bemoans his failure to sacrifice his life to save his wife from starving. His wish to commit suicide was suggested by the knowledge that his faithful life partner would get \$130, the insurance on his life. Breckley was found on Thursday hanging by a strap to a fence surrounding Hunting Park. A park guard cut him down. "My wife was hungry and there was no other way," said Breckley, when arraigned in a police court. I have tramped the streets half a year looking for work. Everywhere it was the same. There was nothing I could do to earn an honest penny. I worked last year in a stone yard, but in the summer I fell and

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\*London Cor. Philadelphia Ledger, Jan. 9, '05.

broke a rib. My wife takes in washing, but the money she earns is not enough for both of us. If I had died as I wanted to, she would have got the insurance on my life." ' *And this* : 'Exhausted from long tramping through the streets of New York, emaciated from lack of food and exposure and clad only in thin clothing, Michael Reddy, twenty-four years old, of Peekskill, fell unconscious in a snowdrift yesterday. Two young men saw him and carried him to Bellevue hospital.' *And this* : 'To keep her baby girl of three and a half years well and happy Mora Malone has been slowly starving herself to death. When found by Patrolman Neville, of the East Twenty-second Street Station, New York, the woman was so weak from lack of food that she was half insane. She cradled the little one in her arms.' And there is no end of them. Of such is the kingdom of property-ruled earth, and yet we respect property !

The dying unemployed are a perpetual institution of London, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and every great Christian city of the globe. When we look at the children of these workless sufferers, however, science would say that society must be composed of fiends to cause and maintain such a situation. In the Johanna Street Schools, Lambeth, London, 90 per cent. are unable to attend to their lessons on account of their physical condition. 'Ninety per cent. of the boys are anemic.' In the London schools altogether, 122,000 children were found to be 'decidly underfed,' that is, 16 per cent. of all the London children. The investigator described the food of the children in an area near the Houses of Parliament : "Their breakfasts are nominally bread and tea, and the dinner nothing but what a copper can purchase at the local fried-fish shops, where the most inferior kinds of fish are fried in reeking cotton-seed oil, and this often supplemented by rotten fruit collected beneath cost-

er's barrows." Dr. Eickholz, medical inspector of all English special schools, thoroughly equipped to speak, is authority for these statements. \* The name of John Devil would be more appropriate than John Bull for a country of such atrocities. For England is dying-fat with riches which her spendthrift rich burn in the gorgeous flame of their luxury. The United States repeats and excels this lurid state of shame, for we are richer.

These facts are a scientific elucidation of the nature of 'god,' if there is one. For he made man, and he made him with a nature that would evolve into this frenzy of cruelty. The intelligent are not, however, to be angry with these pitiable products of god, the rich and cruel of heart. They are only to feel toward them a terrible implacable indignation that shall abolish them. Unpurchased science, looking calmly at facts, sees that the fact there are rich is the cause of this myriad-fanged suffering of the poor. Abolish the rich and you will abolish the suffering. The abolition of the rich is the next law of the universe to be executed. If not a law of the universe, if god is still on the side of the spoilers, it is the adamant law of men of brains, marching through the black fires of the universe and dead gods to triumph.

Long ago Machiavelli laid down an eternal principle regarding these rich sappers of the human race. "These commonwealths," he said, "wherein uncorrupted and genuinely political conduct still survives, will not suffer any man to live in the fashion of a gentleman; they are great sticklers for full equality, and vehement enemies of all such lords and gentlemen as their country contains; when by any chance such like persons fall into their hands they put them to death. By way of making the term

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\* See *Physical Deterioration in England*, by Burke : The Forum, Jan.-March, '05.

gentleman quite explicit, let me specify that those are called gentlemen who live in idleness and all abundance on their own resources, taking thought neither of cultivating their land nor of any other laborious means of livelihood. Men like these are baneful in every commonwealth, but those of them are most baneful who, besides their general points of vantage just recited, are masters in strong castles, and have subjects obeying them . . . . *Men of this stamp are utterly at odds with every frame of civil existence.*"\*

The men *who live on others*, were those at whom this thinker laid the sharp knife of his intelligence. Always and forever, whether they are masters of strong castles or of strong laws made or bought by themselves, men of this stamp are utterly at odds with every frame of human existence. They are captains of the Evolution of Brutality ; they are the cause of other souls' unutterable anguish, the lords of that sky-staining inhumanity which pauperizes, debauches, tortures and starves the millions of poor.

But they are by no means to be killed ; they are to be saved and transformed and loved by the iron will of the intelligent. Killing belonged to Machiavelli's time, *Abolition* is the divine process of our age : we simply terminate the fact of their possession of riches and thereby kill their poison. This is the law of a science that is no respecter of persons. Heretofore, O Rich Man, you have bought your science as you bought your cheese. But before the bar of an unpurchasable science you though rich as god, are no more important than the least of those weeping millions whom you break on the wheel. Yet with every stroke of mutilation you deal them you forge a brutaler curse on all mankind.

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\* From Machiavelli's Discourses—quoted by Dyer, *Machiavelli and the Modern State*, pp. 136-7.



*Now when society starves men their every duty to society is annulled.* Society makes them outlaws. It withdraws its protection from them and constitutes itself their enemy and murderer. *A man has duties to society only so long as it performs its obligations to him.* When it withholds the means of life from him, it became the minister of his death. Property is an institution of society and its laws are binding only upon those within the social pale: for any whom society has outlawed forth into the night of want its laws are naught. Primal self-preservation becomes then the only valid law of these. Their duty is to live, and they must get the means to live where and how they can. *By the inalienable right of existence they may and shall take their support when and how they can.* Mankind has repudiated them, they are thereby enfranchised from its waste-paper enactments.

This is the incarnate truth of the situation. It applies to every one of those starved sons of England, dedicated to death by England's pious rich. It applies to every man of ten million Americans likewise appointed to pauperism and death by our insane seizers of our wealth. *Food is theirs by eternal right wherever they can take it,* so are clothing, fuel and shelter. These people cannot steal, stealing being an accident of that human organization from which they have been expelled. It is their *duty* to preserve their lives and their little ones' lives; therefore it is their duty to take what food they can reach and ennoble their characters by doing so.

*They may be jailed for it. That will be good. Why should not these whole ten million American paupers and semi-paupers go to jail?* In jail men are fed; while they are "good" they are starved. So it is a high crime to be good in Christendom, and men are penalized for it. In

jail those who have robbed them of the right to live would have to support them. Since the comparatively poor pay comparatively all the taxes, the rich cunningly swearing theirs off, the burden of sustaining these ten million would fall on the sixty-nine million comparatively poor of this nation. Adding this burden to the huge cruel weight of tribute already loaded upon them by the one million rich, would at last excite them to perception of their slavish state and its blasting retribution.

Thus the Starved can not only save themselves but they can deliver this Rich-ridden nation. They can make the first winning attack on that structural instinctive slavishness of the human mind which this book has exhibited. And happily they can do it without harming any one—merely by appropriating a biscuit or a cut of meat whenever their last prison term expires. This is a fair and honorable species of non-resistant resistance, justified and commanded by the fundamental laws of Being. Gunpowder ruptured feudalism, this potent action of the modern Starved would inaugurate the downfall of quasi-slavery. Neither the armor of the knights nor the stone walls of their castles could resist bullets—so neither could stony hearts nor the armor of religion resist the moral cannonade of ten million starved outlaws swarming American jails for bread and home. The act would drive even a working man to ballot for the life of his babes and human salvation.

Toward the end of the Eighteenth century they lived in England a very enlightened man named Woodward, Bishop of Cloyn, who punctured the scandalous hypocrisy of his time (in which it was the forerunner of ours) in a remarkable manner. 'If,' said he, 'the poor man's rich neighbors are not bound, in justice, to provide for him a competent maintenance,' "by what right did they take

upon themselves to enact certain laws (for the rich compose the legislative body in every civilized country), which compelled that man to become a member of their society; which precluded him from any share in the land where he was born, any use of its spontaneous fruits, or any dominion over the beasts of the field, on pain of stripes, imprisonment, or death? How can they justify their exclusive property in the *common heritage* of mankind, unless they consent, in return, to provide for the subsistence of the Poor, who were excluded from those common rights by the laws of the Rich, to which they were never parties?" \*

It shows an extraordinary mind to have perceived even as much as this a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago; modern society has not caught up with it yet. But the truth goes a great deal farther. *Society can not pay its debt to a man by maintaining him after pauperizing him; he has a right not to be pauperized.* This right is imprescriptible, he cannot part with it. Paupers are creations of society, wholly unnecessary; every pauper or semi-pauper thus created is an outrage on common decency and humanity; his existence testifies that some are playing swine in the community, robbing him of his opportunities and rights.

Now our rich are playing this part of swine. They are the cause of the terrible and revolutionary pauperism and starvation. They take food out of the mouths of the dying masses to turn it into blazing viands, raiment and jewels. "The collective contents of the jewel cases of the fashionable set in New York society approximates closely to \$170,000,000," says the Rev. C. W. Nichols, a recent authority

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\* Quoted by F. M. Eden, *State of the Poor in England, 1066 to 1796*, Vol. i, 414.

on the new American Peerage. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and some others, have each a million invested in gems, and you can easily compute how many of the servile masses this giddy waste robs and starves. Mrs. Ogden Goelet has a dog collar with a solitaire black pearl in the centre, worth \$200,000. *Dogs* are valued by the rich. "If a woman aspires to regal effects in evening dress, besides her diamond tiara, a corsage piece of diamonds valued at, say, \$75,000, is requisite," avers the Reverend Nichols.

Think of that, ye toiling bloodless starvers in the slums who never see a full meal and die like flies to give your Rich these criminal luxuries! They *are* your rich, for you and all of us are the mine of flesh and blood they tap and drain for this death-stained wealth. Ah these women, the women of our rich, consuming thus while deep down in horrible decay other human beings, women too, are living in hell, dying slowly in transcendent agony of want! And the rest of us look on glassily passive while these crimes are done! "It is asserted that the annual bill of clothes of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, runs as high as \$10,000," which would support only twenty families.

But let us cheer ourselves with golden visions of the rich man's garb. Senator W. A. Clark who helps to make the poor man's laws because the poor men want a rich man for their legislator, disports a sable topcoat worth \$2,000. The wardrobe of a male member of the ultra-smart set must contain: "A fur-lined topcoat for the opera; an Inverness, fur-lined, without the fur showing; a Chesterfield, in black or dark gray, or a Newmarket, to be worn over dress clothes ordinarily; a long loose sack overcoat, silk faced, for spring or early autumn; a double-breasted Newmarket; a single-breasted Prince Henry coat, a Strand coat, which

is single-breasted, with tails ; rain and steamer coats, yachting suits, a double-breasted ulster made of homespun, golf costumes and a short covert coat for between seasons." A man who would be of this family of American Waste-Lords, must spend from \$1,000 to \$3,000 annually on his clothes alone. From the chemistry of our working-men's blood it comes, but it comes. There is Clarence H. Mackay. "For dinning at home at one's country seat in summer, nothing is cooler, more novel or half so chic as a light Tuxedo suit of white silk basket weave, plain twilled silk or white duck. Mr. Mackay, it is stated, has a full dozen of such outfits." "Wealth," says our author—and we do not need his authority for it—"forms the principal ingredient entering into the composition of this big social trust, whose subjective aim is pleasure, and whose objective one is to make a fine art of social life."

Now this revolting luxury while millions fade and die of sheer elementary need is the rotten fruit of Brutality on the social tree. Not one word in mitigation of it can be said. Cause : *Abandoned waste by the Rich of wealth produced by the Poor ;*—Effect : *Ten million American Paupers and Semi-Paupers, a third of whom are slowly starving to death.* In this scientific research the measure of abject submission in the cells and fibres of the human brain is our primary quest, but we come upon by-products of high significance, of which the organized and increasing flint-heartedness of the rich, the supported rich, is one. Mastership burns out sympathy, intelligence, love and heart. In permitting masters to grow, society creates monsters. The rich are universally masters of the rest ; if the rest allow them to exist they are responsible for the evolution of monsters and the whole sequence of human ruin they bring.

## CHAPTER XII.

HIGHER LAW THAN PROPERTY—SHALL THE POOR  
STEAL FROM PRINCIPLE?

Science must not only analyze forces and facts but must indicate remedies. Going back of the usual affectations about man to facts of life and human nature which have been slighted from their very universality, we have unfolded man as he is—not free and intelligent but loaded down with a tremendous handicap. There is but one sentiment that can be felt for this friendless waif in the illegible cosmos, torn and deceived by Nature and himself,—pity, infinite pity. Vainly believing himself free and intelligent, it is his character to deify and follow the promptings of his nature without delving into its real composition; what he follows thinking it freedom and intelligence is this monstrous perverted instinct which clasps him like a serpent-fish in its malign arms.

For this reason the methods of human progress adopted fail. Because of the immanence of slavishness in us, the methods of ostensible progress are slavish and illusory, assuming the rightness and lastingness of the servile warp and woof of human things. Progress therefore builds rottenly on rotten foundations. The methods in vogue to bring man out of his night do not and can not succeed and they must be rejected. *They employ the instinct which they should destroy.* If man is locked in a primeval instinct which stupefies his faculties and strangles his will, the first necessity is to free him from that instinct. All use of his faculties ere it's breakage is under its laws and service. Conceive a man in chains so that he can barely move, we do not tell him to do thus and so for his own good, dragging the chains after him; we strike off the chains, restoring his power. Mankind is precisely as if

chained. And the true helpers of mankind are those who burst these irons, while those who teach man to exert his faculties as they are and "accomplish something," merely instruct him in the art of staying slavish and evermore abortive. Both intelligence and freedom lie before man to achieve, they will be won through destruction of the servile instinct, and on this problem all human brain-power should be concentrated. By success here man's creative strength in all fields will be multiplied immeasurable fold.

And the method is Resistance. Just as it should have been at all times since the first savage succumbed to a master, so it must be now if freedom and intelligence are ever to be attributes of man: he must resist implacably, furiously and unceasingly, until the lives of masters are miserable beyond endurance and they fling off their vestments of power. *To-day the man who enriches himself out of others is the master; they who are supported by others are the masters; such as have wealth while others have want are the masters: and to these the remaining millions owe not duty, affection or fealty. The single duty owed is their abolition as masters.* Let this be remembered—while a master holds quasi-slaves, *he* truly admits no obligation to *them*: therefore they have none to him.

Happily the time has passed when, in a country like this, life need be destroyed for quasi-slaves to become free; but the time has not passed when extraordinary methods of resistance are requisite. The quasi-slave must revise his ideas of morals. He is organically robbed and rifled by his masters, who, haters and hypocrites, preach to him that it is a sin to turn and steal of them. It is not a sin. Nay, he is sanctioned in assuming their tactics; it is righteous and just for him to 'steal' of them *by the laws of self-preservation and freedom*, till they abjure robbing him.

This is only acceptance of the law of high financiers by their victims. If any canting strickler for dead moral formulæ is aghast at this counsel of new duty, let him show that the method of the highway financiers is *not* robbery. They and the rich at large have opened financial war on the people, by flagrant extortionate swindle they are enriching themselves, shall their prey submit in terror of the phrase that it is a crime to meet commercial thugs with thugs' weapons? The rich have abolished the law against stealing by making stealing their vital principle, enacting the new commandment—'Thou *shalt* steal, if thou art rich.' Let the poor enlarge the code to be—'Thou shalt steal if thou art poor, to fight the rich on an equal plane.' If the people embrace this law *as a principle*, there will be wholesale consternation, and the slow-witted crowd who feelinglessly witness their fellows starved, plundered and maimed will promptly grow excited at 'what the world is coming to.' That is whither we want to bring them. Nothing ordinary like social starvation-murder of a few million poor, or general confiscation of the people's wealth by the rich, or anointment of the last and greatest commandment, 'Thou shalt steal,' by the stealers, moves the sensibilities of the torpid nation at all; and yet if the slavish instinct is to be surgeoned out of it and the race saved to great things it must be stirred.

Stealing then must be taken into the poor man's creed as a stepping stone to race-liberation from quasi-slavery and non-intelligence. Let the poor man who is perchance still religious not fear for the salvation of his soul from this new germinating of his virtue. He will be a patriot, bringing on the downfall of a wealth system which causes myriads of souls to enter hell before they die; and if there be an eternal reward, stealing to eradicate the hell from this life will strengthen his title to the heavenly heritage.



The defeating weakness of quasi-slaves today who yearn for liberty is their over-reliance on mass movement. The individual is the greatest dynamic centre there is. Everyone who expels the slavish instinct from himself and becomes a personal revolter, will radiate freedom, intelligence and revolt in wide circles about him. Individuals can introduce needed unique forms of resistance, and mass movements will follow and take them up. The organized forces that should pioneer progress are themselves bowed and servile. What more so than Education which obsequiously accepts and promulgates the false "right" of the rich to rob the poor, and is therefore a pillar of quasi-slavery? So of Politics; it would be a great force for liberty if men were free-minded; they could speedily work the social revolution through it and erect the free frame of life, in which the slavery instinct would die; but who needs say that there is nothing more servile than a political party; that every member truckles to chiefs and bosses; that the rich own the parties and their slavish members; and that the party system offers a dazzling field for tricksters in the coat of love for the people to betray the people to the rich? If we were free and intelligent we should have the Swiss direct legislation, with which the people would crush party machines and vote their laws as citizen sovereigns, without the intervention of peddling senates and congresses,—but we have not direct legislation. And quasi-slavery reigns on, and the rich are succeeding in their confiscating revolution.

So that every individual must become a personal resister in his own way, obstructing this false life and blocking its machinery by all devices. He must try its laws by the light of higher law, the law that quasi-slavery must not be allowed to live. Purchased Proprietary law is not the

highest law. Above that stands Intelligence. If they conflict, Intelligence is king, and proprietary law contemptible. All along the line they now conflict, and the truth that beams above their collision is that proprietary law is not law.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE MURDER LAWS OF PROPERTY.

The discrimination to be learned is between Property-Laws and Human-Laws. I am not creating the difference, it exists, we must teach down-beaten man to see it. Property-laws have but one purpose, they are to fill the pockets of the rich. They do not recognize the existence of feeling, suffering, justice, duty, love, or human beings; they know only that Property is The Absolute and that they have made God its Chief Policeman. They have established that the poor must cheerfully die for Holy Property, and if they cannot do it cheerfully then wofully and coercedly. Before the judgment seat of Property the Human Race is valued at nothing; it *is*, merely to manufacture Property for these Rich. This wide-winged universe emerged out of its nebulous night to generate the transitory phantoms called poor men, to produce property for the glorious bifurcated grandeurs called Rich Men. All this travail of time and space and suffering has been to conceive and cast forth from the inscrutable womb—Rich Men! As far back as all-extended sameness, when the system of eternal Forces came together, wooed and conceived the fashioning of sun and stars and this little world and air and man, their high most heavenly object was to ultimately bring forth countless cringing serving things on trembling legs to sacrifice their momentary span of being for some great things on proud legs whose

appointed way in the tremulous orb was to consume all substance and men. For this huge aim this spacious strenuous amplitude of Nature has groaned and strained and run its course!

*You have but to look at this cruelly conditioned world which the rich possess to know this truth.* It shames the sickly Cosmos that it is so, it shames all creatures living in the world. *But it is so.* The world can be scientifically parted into mere human slag or toil-stuff, and Rich Men. The former were projected out of the knowless void to be the *tenders* of the rich. How noble a production of these thrice-infinite birth throes of laborious Mother Being! In the mind of Whatever planned the cosmic apparatus this use of the human creature must have clearly organically lain—for had it not so been, would *the fact* have come to pass? To this mean end all creation has ignominiously pined and spent itself!

Thus to be the apple of the universal-eye and have all being spent for them, these rich must have unmeasured value in themselves, or be surpassingly dear to the earth and its firmament acré. And what is the quality of their preciousness to the universe-builder? *Infinite lust of self and infinite desolating greed are their essence.* Read how they prance before admiring god while inch by inch millions of his worthless motes anguish their lives out in want. The other night the high society of one of our cities regaled itself with a masked ball. The occasion of its principal transports was pigs. "A drove of little pink pigs, with carefully curled tails, was turned loose. Screams of the ladies mingled with the squeals of the pigs. After the ears of the women had become somewhat accustomed to the porkers, the little animals were petted by perfumed jeweled fingers. 'Well I could kiss a pig,' was the remark of a

handsomely gowned West End society dame, and she suited the action to the word. The pigs romped about everywhere, tripping up dancers when they were not in the arms of some young woman. Society went wild over them. The pigs were not the only novelty, however. Six big Indians danced in single file about the room emitting shrill war-whoops."

Infinite self-lust and desolating greed are the essence of the rich of this world. Therefore these qualities are those most precious to the universe-essence, for all the powers in the realm of the known conspire to make the beings who possess them the climax of creation. Has not the Builder or the Forces fashioned all other men so meanly that they shall squander and pollute their lives serving the vehicles of these abhorrent attributes? Was the Builder or the Force so feeble that he *could not* instal Beauty, Justice, and Intelligence in his star-spanned sphere? It seems inferable of him to say that he has made what he wanted! Such is the world from the pedestal of Property, whose laws have ever been and are still Absolute.

They are many of them Murder Laws. Here I trench on a morass of unperception as wide as civilization, where Christian man can see no farther than his eyelids. He divines that if a man strikes another to death with a weapon he is a murderer; but he cannot discern that if he forces another into an environment which kills him he is no less a Cain. And yet he is, and the day will come when the man who would do it will be hunted out of human society as most infamous.

*Now the riches of rich men rest on such murders.* Discover what the twentieth century may, this will be its greatest discovery. Murder with the club of Environment—what is it? A few nights ago Dr. Horace Carn-

cross lectured upon tuberculosis before the Upholstery Weavers' Union at Kensington Avenue, Philadelphia.

"Owing to the long hours and close confinement," said he, "the disease has ample opportunity to spread. The nature of your work requires that you toil in rooms closed to all outside air, and this usually means without ventilation. *If the factory owners would go to the slight expense necessary to supply you with better ventilation the high death rate would soon decrease.* The dust incident to the manufacture of the goods in the upholstery trade also renders you susceptible to the disease and with better ventilation, fresh air and proper care when tuberculosis has actually developed *the number of deaths from this cause can be greatly diminished.*" Here is definite, visible, undeniable, absolute *murder*. But it is from behind the tree of environment, and therefore the perpetrators are not chased and captured and punished.

Look at the tenement hells of ill-health in which the rich force the poor to live! That is murder. It is around the tree of environment and therefore the rich are not chased. Reflect on those slain daily on the railroads, solely for the profligately cruel greed of the rich: the bludgeon used is Business Profit, and it is not recognized as murder merely to murder men for profit. But it is murder in the first degree. Their slaughter is diabolical assassination. The killed were 9,840 in 1903, and 76,553 were injured. This is most atrocious murder in the first degree, without extenuating circumstance. The rich magnate managers and owners are the murderers. They are not chased by the vengeful people because they kill with a long club, long enough to reach their victims from their offices, and Law's sepulchre eye cannot see to the far end of the club, because the law's owners, these Rich, hold the

near end of it. And the duty-dulled multitude think it *righteousness* to surrender their lives to Railroad Property if this venal law commands it. The dupability of mortal man was never more luridly illumined! The Trusts, which have confiscated the necessities of life and will deliver them to the needy at highwaymen's prices only, are murderers as nakedly as if they shot their victims dead. Years ago millions of the American people reached a stage where they could not pay a cent more for life's necessities without starting down the black incline of want and death. Yet since then trust after trust has advanced the cost of indispensable articles of life, giving these millions of citizens a debonair kick downward to the grave. These corsair monopolists are not chased like mad dogs dripping with the blood and life of millions (as they are), because the Bible of Business holds it to be lawful to tear the heart from fellow men for profit. *But those who do it are assassins.*

So it is amply plain what the murder laws of property are, and no man should respect or obey them. They are criminal incitements to murder. They make the road smooth to murder without retribution. Against them stands the invulnerable majesty of The Human. *It's* Law abrogates every murder law. The Parliament of the Human legislates that all men shall live in their best degree; that the *Right of Evolution* is the supreme right. Criminal Legislatures, held in the palm of opulent hands, have ever vaped and fulminated against Man; the Day of Man has arrived, and it ordains death to Property Despotism. How incredible it is that when a certain puissant handful of our predecessors, rebelling grandly against the slavery instinct of the race, killed kings and expelled nobles from the new system of this continent, we, their feeble successors, should

set up Property as the new Lord's Anointed and re-establish a despotism no softer, juster, or holier than the infamies they conquered! And as men owe no allegiance to tyrant kings or other murderous usurpers, neither do we owe duty to tyrannous murderous Property; nor can the ill laws of a thousand congresses fasten the spectre of such obligation on us. That intrepid defender of the right to kill iniquitous kings, John Milton, called such laws "gibberish laws," of which the bulk of modern statutes defending the deadly onsets of the Rich on Mankind are composed.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ARE WE VERGING ON REVOLUTION?

Having sought to exhibit lucidly the havoc of the slavish instinct in man's affairs, a final word upon its bearing on violent revolutions is needed. These great upheavals are caused by obstructions to righteousness. In the United States a gilded Plutocracy accomplishes a repression not different in kind from that achieved by a Military Autocracy in Russia. There is no freedom of press in Russia because the owners of Government will not have it; in the United States there is none because the Rich own the press and restrict it. The people of the States are in consequence unheard; their deeper sentiments are excluded from public prints. They have no way of reaching that small body of opinion which is heard and wrongly passes for Public Opinion, though only Proprietary opinion.

Hence the real mind of the nation is suppressed and unknown, while the press does but nauseatingly reiterate the self-sufficient judgments of proprietors. Through this rigid exclusion a revolutionary feeling might develop to almost

any pitch without discovery by the proprietary class or press. The rich might drive on heedlessly into the very jaws of revolution unwarned by their employed writers, who, absorbed in saying what the rich require, could interpret no popular signs.

America in other ways resembles Russia. The alliance of the law-making powers with the wealthy constitutes an Autocratic Bureau Class like the Czar's. The American people are not in it. This insane exclusion of the actual American people from their own property and their own governance, has had the effect of binding them in what in their eyes is a fast and treacherous Gordian knot. Having been so betrayed by the two honored institutions of government and business, they no longer trust these institutions to get them out of the slough. Knowing they have been shamelessly duped, and hotly indignant at their dupers, they are also bitterly incensed against the institutions that have so well served the tricksters entrapping them. Hence their revolutionary loss of faith in peaceable means of rescue. In Russia the people *know* they cannot be free without a violent overthrow of institutions, while here through the seizure and abuse of institutions by the rich and their political clerks, the same conviction has gone incredibly far.

There is good ground for saying that the nation is treading a thin crust over fires certain to be far more furious if they break than that eruption which purged France a century ago. We have suffered a degree of insolence from the rich well-suited to feudal tyranny *before* the French Revolution and borne it feudally. Submission caused this dangerous procrastination, and if a violent revolution follows will have been its cause. Resentment of first and slight encroachments is what defends from revolutions.



Notwithstanding our heinous fault and mad delay a great path is still open to us. Think for a moment. You are slaves not to a great army but to your ideas. The power of the rich is nothing but your belief that you should obey them. Cease believing this, break the idols of your mind, and the masters will instantly sink into pigmies. The fabric of property must be shattered that life may be rebuilt, and you will shatter it when you destroy the fictions of your brain. Make your minds new and pliant, and then ask yourselves what holiness there can be in a system of property descending from the slave-making savages of far antiquity. The property system is saturated with its origins; if everything slavish must go, the property system must be swept away with it. Property rights are developed slave-catcher's rights. Repudiating the slave-catcher, we repudiate property rights. Since the slave-making structure of human life has always rested on murder, force and fraud and is invalid, the property system, whose basis is the slave and quasi-slave structure, rests likewise on murder, force and fraud and is equally invalid. The property system is without moral foundation. Its legal foundation is that builded by the enslavers *after* robbing others of freedom and property, as a 'gibberish' sanction for their crimes. Every day that the property system lasts the original crime is repeated and ratified.

And this is why we are threatened with a French revolution. It is because the people know that they have a war with the Property Kings which grows from the nature of the property system and will only end with that system's abolishment. If the rich would heed this sorry days might be saved, but they are sordid profit-grabbers, ignorant of the movements of life, creeping in the bowels of finance, wrapped in the mummied cerements of self.

But the people should heed it and accept consciously the war against the property system which is in progress unconsciously. They are whipped in every skirmish because they do not recognize their aim. If they are tossed a sop like government control of railway rates, they fancy they have won a battle. But how much better off are the people in foreign countries where rates are supervised? And how near are those countries to solving the first problem of the race—Property versus Man?

If the people will *think*, they will see that the first step to freedom must be a revolution in their own heads. They must define their aim and bring themselves to be satisfied with no peace terms which do not throw off all the tyranny of the past. This means that the rich must go, and the property system must go; then human slavishness in every form will follow, and the deadly servile instinct will atrophy out of the brain.

As soon as this aggressive course is conceived, it will be seen how foolish it would be to use so huge a weapon as violent revolution on such puny adversaries as our masters and their literary and political domestics. The people need but sweep the rubbish of false opinions on property and its rights and sacredness out of their minds, and the opposition of the Tsars of wealth will crumble before them like eggshells.

The people are now under the ether of Property. Those who would ensure us against a French Revolution should destroy respect for the property system in the popular mind, that the people may be liberated from their trance to depose the invading Huns of Wealth before they so intrench themselves that they can only be excised by furious revolution.

















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